

93. 1471
A PLEASANT
COMEDY.

THE TWO MERRY
MILK-MAIDS

The best Words wear the Garland.

As it was Acted before the King, with
general Approbation, by the Com-
pany of the REVELS.

By J. C.

L O N D O N :

Printed by Tho. Iohnson, and are to be sold by Nath. Broun at the
Angel in Cornhill, Francis Kirkman at the White Plancher
Head, on the Back-side of St. Clements, Tho. Iohnson
at the Golden Key in Fleet-Street, and Henry
Mack at the Inner Alley in Chancery-Lane.
1662.

A PLEASANT
COMEDY
The Names of the Persons.

JOHN EARNEST, *Duke of Saxony*
Lord RAYMOND, *A Politician*
LODWICK, *Father to Dorigen*
GUIDO, *Father to Bernard*
BERNARD, *Son to Guido, and Student at Wittenberg*
FREDERICK, *Son to Lodwick, and Brother to Dorigen*
DORILUS, *Brother to Julia*
LANDOFF, *Tutor to Bernard*
CALLOW, *A foolish Lord*
RANOFF, *A Knight and Traveller*
FERDINAND, *Courtiers, and Servants to Lord Raymond*
CORNELIO,
CAROLUS,
JUDGES
SMIRK, *the Clown*
HOST
DORIGENE, *the Duchess*
JULIA, *A Lady familiar with the Duchess.*

Cornelius

THE
P R I N T E R
TO THE
R E A D E R

Every Writer must govern his Pen according to the Capacity of the Stage he writes too, both in the Actor and the Auditor. This had the happiness to please, as it was meant, the greater part, and of them not the worst. If there be discovery made of the Conjuring words, you'l finde the Witchcraft: no true Spirit will be stir'd with 'em, haply, a malicious. It was made more for the Eye, then the Ear, less for the Hand, then either: and had not false Copies travail'd abroad (even to surbating) this had kept in; for so far the Author was from seeking fame in the publishing, that he could have wisht it bound about with the Ring. Some good words here you shall finde for your Money, else it keeps not touch with the Title. Receive it well, and though in this he give you no ill, yet hereafter he hath promis'd you better Language.

The P R O L O G U E

THis Day we entreat all that are hither come,
 To expect no noise of Guns, Trumplers, nor Drum,
 Nor Sword and Target; but to hear Sence and Words,
 Fitting the Matter that the Scene affords.
 So that the Stage being reform'd, and free
 From the loud Clamors it was wont to be
 Turmoyl'd with Battailles; you I hope will cease
 Your dayly Tumults, and with us wish Peace.
 We stand a hazard now: yet being prepar'd,
 We hope, for your own good, you in the Yard
 Will lend your Ears, attentively to hear
 Things that shall flow so smoothly to your eare;
 That you returning home, by your Friends shall say,
 How e're you understand it, 'Tis a fine Play:
 For we have in't a Conjuror, a Devil,
 And a Clown too; but I fear the evil,
 In which perhaps unwisely we may fail,
 Of wanting Squibs and Crackers at their call.
 But whosoever, Gentlemen I swear,
 You shall have Good Words for your Money here;
 Stuff that will last, we hope, and hold in grain;
 And as ye lik'e, pray know the House again.

A Pleasant Comedy of the Merry MILK-MAIDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bernard in his Study, Candle and Books about him.

<p>Inchantments pluck out of the Skie The moon, though she be plac'd on his.</p> <p>Dame Circes, with her charmes so fine, Ulysses mates did turn to Swine: The Snakes with charmes is but in twain, In Meadows where she doth remain.</p> <p>And here again She plucks each Star out of his seat,</p>	<p>And turneth back the raging Waves; With charmes makes the Earth to sweat,</p> <p>And raiseth Souls out of the Graves: She burns mens bones as with a fire, And pulleth down the light of Heaven, And makes it snow at her desire, Even in the midst of Summer season; And what is it cannot be down By art of the Magician?</p>
---	--

'Tis true, things most incredible are to be done and I believe thee gentle Book in it. Never before my wary Tutor did leave this door open, which he well might call his private Study; for here Secrets lie were worth mans labour to arrive to 'hem: Here are the names, shapes, powers, and government of every severall spirit, their Degrees, their great Effects, particular Seigniories; and 'mongst them I have found one, if I had but skill to raise him for my purposes, and here's the form of it set down at large:

But stay, what's this?

Amaymon King of the East, Garson King of the South, Zimmar King of the North, Goap King and Prince of the West, may be bound from the third hour till Noon, Dukes may be bound from the first hour till Noon.

Pish, this is nought to me.

Almody, a great King, strong and mighty, he is seen with three heads; whereof the first is like a Bull: the second a Man, the third a Ram: he hath a Serpents tail, he belcheth Flames out of his Mouth, he sitteth on an Infernall Dragon, he carrieth a

B. immortis 20, and 12. Lance

A pleasant Comedy of

Lance and a Flag in his hand, he goeth before others which are under the power of Amaymon, he giveth the Ring of Vertues, he teacheth Geometry, Arithmetick, Astronomy; to all demands he answereth fully and truly: he maketh a man invisible.

I, this.

He sheweth the places where Treasure lye.

I do not care for Treasure.

He maketh a man invisible.

This, this is it: Great *Asmody*, thou art the Spirit whom I would converse with, and I will fetch thee, if this Charm will do it.

Now I have laid my Circle, fear assaults me: So saies my grave instructor, all men do when they begin this business but bids me here be resolute, and dread not: for bound in this Circle, and by these words constrain'd, they cannot hurt me.

I do conjure thee by these potent Names:

Pantbon, Adenay, Algramay, Planaboth, Muriton, Bisecognaton, Siston, Diaton, Maton, Tetragrammaton, Agla, Agarian, Tegra, Pentesson, Tendicata, Sorthie, Sorthia, Sorthios, Milia, Achilia, Sibylia: You the three Fairy sisters of the Ring, come and appear to me, or send your faithfull servant *Asmody*, or I will call the five Kings of the North.

Enter Landoffe his Tutor like a Spirit.

Land. For what thou daring Mortal? what wilt thou do with *Asmody*, now thou hast brought him hither?

Ber. I do command thee that thou help me to the invisible Ring.

Land. Ho, ho, ho, Thou foolish thing without Art, and less Wit, dost think it doth require no more but so? It is thy Masters Master-piece to do it, & thou dost call for nothing but thy Ruin. Thou art now in my power, and I can tear thee as small as Atomes, and throw thee off like dust before a wind: yet ought for I know thou art Pupill unto my Master, and his Minion; and maist hereafter with a word release me; here unconstrain'd I vow myself thy servant, and will (acquaint me with thy purposes) effect them to the utmost of my power.

Ber. Dost thou not this in subtilty, to draw me out of my Circle, and then ruine me?

Land. I dare as well run on the fiery Sword that wounds *Malanta, Thama, or Sitrami*.

Ber.

the merry Milk-Maid.

Dor. I do believe thee: thou'lt be gone; yet stay a word more: think thou my Tutor, if I should conceal this Act of mine from him, that he would know it?

Land. I think not: for he hath given me liberty these five days.

Ber. Thanks *Asmodey*: now leave me. *Land* I am gone.

Ber. I will get leave of him to return back unto my Fathers house, where I will live, if *Asmodey* can do it, invisible. Not far off is a Damself whom I love, but never yet durst tell her; nor did know it so feelingly, as now I am remov'd. 'Tis almost day I wish, though not for fear, for love ha's made me a bold Con-jurer.

Exit.

Land. And thou wert bold indeed: but youth is desperate, respects not dangers, howsoe'r they look. I came my self unto this Art with trembling, and when I first had rais'd a Spirit up, my flesh me thought ran like my blood about me, and I sat bathed in a cold faint sweat: But it was far from raising any Spirit; he ran 'hem so disorder'd, that no Devil, though he had heard him, would have known his name. But it was my device, seeing him grow to extreme melancholy and discontent, to let him view these scarr'd papers thus, that I might sooth his grief, knowing how apt and coverous youth is of every knowledge, if he might learn it with a little babbling: but this is not an Art so to be gain'd. He follow him, attending still upon him, as if I were the Spirit he guises me; and if there shall be cause, he play my part so well, that men shall praise the Magick Art.

SCENE. 2.

Enter Dorigene and Dorilus.

Dor. Good Seignior, no more irruption, I tell you what you shall trust to: I am not like a Mill, to be turn'd with wind and water; not all your sighes and tears can alter me, keep 'hem for Custard-eating Damies i'th' City, there they may prosper. Thou art a handsome fellow, I confesse it, hast good parts too, I know it; living sufficient to keep house i'th' Country, & invite every good time thy Neighbours, & at Christmas distribute amongst the poor six pence a piece, and a brown-Loaf: good Country vertues these,

A Pleasant Comedy of

and may perhaps serve for a Doctors daughter, though she have read *Orlando Furioso*. But for me, that have lookt higher into Poetry, and for a need can couple of my self, have talks with *Montaigne* and with *Machiavel*, and can make use of them; note him in this place shalow, here profound: and be th' only Star whereto all wits advance their *Jacobs Staffe*, and the Supreme cry me out excellent. What would three hundred pound a year do here? 'twill keep a blew Coat and a side-Saddle, but not maintain my Coach-horses in Provender.

Doril Most excellent of women, that you are worthy all that your hopes can lodge in you, I grant: But *Fortune* and the *Graces* were at odds when you were gotten, else you had been made as great as dignity can make a Woman. But yet you know (I pray forgive my plainness) that in estate you do not equall me, if that were it I lookt at.

Dor. 'Tis true: I think my Portion is some sevenscore pound, and hardly that birlady; what 'tis I know not, it lies above in the Garret in old rusty Armour. But what's that to th' purpose: theres a Spirit (good or bad, I know not) whispers unto me; be an Empress wench, a Queen, or Duchess, Countess, or Marquess at least, for those are trifles. Now Ile tell thee *Dorilus*, because thou art a handsome fellow, as I told thee before; when I am any one of these, thou shalt enjoy me, in plain terms, lie with me, and make a cuckold: for my Ambition is to advance greatness. Look here's thy Sister.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Come in a time I doubt to make you blush. Why what mad conference are you two in?

Dor. For my ambition is to advance greatness. *Jul.* As how?

Dor. Why as a woman may do, the manner is not to be shewn now. I am glad thou art come to take off thy Brother.

Jul. Take him off, why he is not so fierce me thinks; what, do you weep Brother?

Dor. Like a watering-pot; he would make an excellent fountain in the midst of a Garden.

Jul. A moist Milk-sop Lover, hang him, on whom love has no more operation then an Oynion: why did not I tell you this was the wrong way, and taught you the right; lectur'd unto you according

according to my own heart, and my heart is made of the same
stuffe that other womens are: for shame leave, it is both an ill
sight, and an ill sign to see a man drop at the Nose.

Doril. Why you mistake me, if you think I weep now I do.

Jul. No, what is then of your hand, kercher?

Doril. Something has toucht my eye, that do's offend it.

Jul. Some feather like a woman.

Doril. Not so good shuttlecock, your pointed wit stabs de-

perately at all times, look you, 'tis thus: if you can love me, say

one, so; if not—

Jul. So, so: For he did but so, so, For he did but so, so, and so

Ter her go.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha, Thou art a mad wench, and hast mercy upon

no man, far worse then I.

Jul. Not worse; much about one, as the Collier to the Devil:

but what shall we do, shall we not see the Duke?

Dor. Yes faith, and thou say'st the word, and laugh him out

of his Dominions: for to laugh him and all his train out of

countenance is nothing; I have a great mind to jeer the Courtiers,

Jul. Prithee let's, there requires not much wit about it.

Dor. Is't done?

Jul. If my content will do't, 'tis.

Dor. Why then 'tis done, and dun's the Mouse, and undone all

the Courtiers: my Father's gone before to meet him.

Jul. Yes, I saw him very spruce.

Dor. Through our Ground he must come, the hour just at mil-

king time.

Jul. Yfaith 'twere good—ha, ha,

Dor. Why do'st thou laugh?

Jul. Why he tell thee firrah.

Dor. No firrah, you shall not tell me, I wonnot lose the glory

of the invention, for I know you have found it.

Jul. To go like Milk-maids.

Dor. I knew it must out, or thy tongue had burnt else, to go

like Milk-maids, and like Milk-maids will we go, to make sport

with the Courtiers, and a triumph.

Enter Frederick.

Fre. The Maids they went a milking

All in a misty morning

Down went their milk Pails,

Up went their Terry diddle Dales.

And

A pleasant Comedy of

And all was but a milking,

And all was but a milking.

Yfaith wenches, are you for employment?

Dor. I would my Father had bound thee Prentice seven years ago to a Scrivener, by this time thou hadst lost thy Ears: what make you evel-dropping here? I thought this had not been a sober time of day with you:

Fre. Faith want of money Sister is guilty of the sin: Come, supply, supply, or out goes all, He spoils your milking business:

Jul. By this light if thou do it, thou shalt starve for want of Butter:

Fre. Come, the Purse gingles, I here it, for musicke with his Silver Knel rings us all in at the blew Bell:

Dor. I must give him some: *Jul.* Give him all to be rid of him:

Dor. What, you do not mean to go see the Duke, Brother?

Fre. Not I, ifaith Sister, I have a Duke of mine owne, that I must visit.—T'other shilling—

Dor. I have no more, believe it:

Fre. Pish, I cannot endure this paltring and patching between Sister and Brother——So, now go your waies and milke, but take heed of churning, our Dairy maid got the tooth-ach with—

Dor. Your mouth's Ropt, is't not? *Fre.* Umb:

Dor. VVhy so then, pray God the wenches hath clean waicoats

Jul. You are resolv'd then?

Dor. Resolv'd! Thou art a fool *Julia*, thou shalt see I wil do things beyond credulity:

Exeunt

Fre. This money should ha' bought Tiffeny and Cobweb lawn, and what a sin had that been to nurse Pride, when it may purchase necessary Claret? My Father allows me too little, I find that: and it were not for this good natur'd Pagan, my Sister, I knew not what to do, unless I should run my head into a commodity of Hempe, and that I must take up at the Gallows too, or else they wonnot trust me: yet I might have a Bargain of Crock-Butter, if I could get an Heir to be bound for't, your Country Gentlemen have no maw too't; but your Cockney were the onely man, for he would take it up, and it were but to make Tofts of:

Exit

Scene

the merry Milk-Maids.

SCENE. 3.

*Enter Lord Raymond, Lodwick, Bernards Father, Smirke
the Clown, with attendants.*

Ray. Gentlemen all I thank you, your good wills to me (as
well as to the Duke your loyalty) is shown in this
your readiness and love: He cannot be far off, pray let your men
keep off the Country people, that do swarm as thick as do the
Citie multitude at sight of any rare Solemnitie.

Smirke, Keep back there, keep back, or Ile make your Leather
Pelches cry twango else: for some of them I am sure I made 'em
smoke so, that I fear'd I had set 'em a fire. Foh, some of them
have drunk sowre Butter milke this morning, mingled with Gar-
licke, which crudden together, makes but a rank smell: and then
they have their Christmas Shooes on, their old dancing Pumpes
up to the middle calfe, keeps 'em so warm, that here'll be a
perfume for the Dukes own nostrils:

Enter Ferdinand and Ranoff.

Fer: Seignior Ranoff, you are well arrived

Ran: And you sweet Seignior—Tis very pretious hot, I pro-
test I have been cooler under the line: *Fer:* A halter you have:

Ran: I would we might command some drinke here:

Fer: Nay, and we could intreat it, we were happy: for the
Serving-men that were wont to be all Mouths, are now all Bies,
they have no other member usefull about them:

Ran: This Lord has a most dulcid situation, pleasant, and pro-
fitable, I have seldome seen in Venice a sweeter:

Fer: Did you not see Sir a swarm of Bees as you past by?

Ran: I cannot tell indeed, I did not marke 'em:

Fer: Me thought they lookt Sir like your people of Hybla:

Ran: I cannot tell, I never had much conversation with your
people of Hybla, my noble Lord.

Enter Lord Callow.

Fer: Here's another Bird of the same, but a more tame one,
something more quiet; now to hear this Jay chatter, and this
Owlet hold his peace, but answer him with motion, may serve
for a Morrisdance:

Ran:

A pleasant Comedy of

Ran: Your Lordships Jennet in my conceit is a most under-
standing Beast. *Call, Hum.*

Ran. I saw the *Atlantische* of Domingo mounted upon such another, not much different, nay surely nothing at all; and I do not think but they were twins, onely I think your Lordships the better.

Rab: Your Lordship keeps the Saddle admirable: *Call:* Hum:

Ran: I would your Lordship had been with me at Japan, I speak it for Horfes sake, and Horfemanship together; I protest they are the best Riders, if I said the Rankest, I did not lie: for believe it, I hold your Ranke Rider a good Rider, take him alwaies, and at all times: as your Frenchmen, in Christendome I do not know a ranker Rider, unless it be some part North, there they are Scourers, Your Lordship has a most neat Ruffe, and becomes you most elegantly. Call. Hum.

Enter Cornelius, with Dorigene and Julia, like Milk maids:—

th Fer. Is not this a fine Dialogue? How now? Who come
these to milke? my Lord and's Compeer:

Car: No, believe it Sir, they are taken up for the Duke's own tools.

04 Feb. Ide as live thou hadst told me a tale: yet beshrew me they are a couple of handsome Calves with white Faces; but the degrees of this, how com'ft about?

70. Why the Duke passing by, cast his eye upon them, and with it, I believe his fancy: for upon some consideration, he sent backe to give command, they should be brought hither to my Lords Houſe:

Ferr. 'Tis not amiss, he does well to begin holesome:

Rev. Will your Lordship conduct? 31 331 300-100 510 100

Cor: I, this will be good, stand aside, and give 'em law.

Row: Fair gentle Milk-maid; 2. Dor: Sweet courteous Squire:

King. Good, a wench of language: by this hand I love thee:

Der: Love me Sir, why you have scarce lookt on me:

Ran: That's all one, I protect I love thee:

[illegible]

Der. Surely Sir, those Ladies are not found, that die of such
curvy disease: Kan: you

The merry Milk-Maids.

Ran. You now betray your rudeness; *I* am angry.

Dor. You show your self an ass, and *I* not care for't.

Rad. Udfoot, and my Dagger had not bin rusty, that *I* might have drawn it with credit. *I*'d a stuck it in the middle of your Milk-Pale, foolish, scurvy, course-kerfie, durty-rayl'd, dangling dug-Cow: a Gentleman Courcier and Traveller, whose feet ha's measur'd the Alpes, and be disgrac'd in a piece of unplow'd Pasture. *I* have lighted upon one of

the Egyptian idols, caught with some engine to put off his Hat; and screw his Face a little; *I* cannot speak to it like a man, yet *I* will talk to it as if it were one. How came you hither Sir, pray did you ride, or were you drawn in a Carr?

Callow stroking up his hair, complements with Faces and Legs.

Cal. Hum. *Ran.* Nay, believe it my Lord, they are a brace of the rudest Baubees that ever drew or suckt the milk of innocence. *Jal.* Why, but he is not a Lord, *I* hope, Sir?

Ran. Foolish Wench *I* tell thee he is a Lord, and *I* am little less my self, if *I* were in place where: what dost thou know, but *I* may be the Duke? *Dor.* Marry God forbid, Sir.

Ran. Why, it had bin all one to thee, thou hadst call'd me Ass.

Dor. Ass unawares may prove a wise man, better considered of. *Ran.* Ah, she begins to ballance me.

Dor. *I* do indeed Sir. *Ran.* And how do you find me now?

Dor. Full weight, Sir.

Ran. O, in good time, we shall agree anon. — The Duke —

Enter Duke, with Raymond and the Train.

Duke. Through the general love our subjects bear to you, we finde my Lord your Loyalty to us: which rellisheth more sweeter to our ears, in their applauses told, then by your own. And Gentlemen *I* thank you every one, you have took much pains t' see a growing Prince, not season'd yet with time to your desires: but crown'd with your loves in the Diadem, *I* steadily shall hold the Scepter out; while justice shall stand by me, and direct it. *I* hope you will not look that *I* shall raigin in my first year, as your last Duke my Father in his last: but give my youth some liberty to play the wanton Prince, though not the wilde one, *I* have *I* know possess all you that know it, with that conceir, when *I* gave command upon the first sight of a pair of Lasses, that

A pleasant Comedy of

have looks like the place where they were bred, cheerful and innocent to be brought to me, that I may see their pleasing eyes again; For methought on the sudden they were fair ones.

Ray. I wou not cross your Grace, but if my counsel—

Duke. I prithee keep it, I have no need of it, donnor confine me, though I be your guest: I know it may breed laughter, perhaps sorrow unto some grave ones, but I shall deceive 'hem; I will see 'hem; and have parley with 'hem: There's no hurt meant, if you mean not any, nor shall this wrong your House; therefore produce them. *Ray.* They are here my Lord.

Fer. Vdfoot, what will the young Duke do trow? Shall we have it set down in our *Chronicles*, *Inprimis*, a brace of Milk-maids? Very good. Where are our Ladies now? They are to seek, and must begin again to learn short Curt'sies, *Short Curt'sies*. And dance after the Countrey Horn-pipe.

Duke. Can there be any loss of Royalty, to bid these welcome? If here be any Rudeness, let me be taskt with it, that like such Rudeness? If Blood or Beauty ever made a Lady, why are not these so? I profess that man a Traytor, does not think it: yet they are still themselves, and so am I. Are you not Sisters? *Short Curt'sies*.

Dor. In quality, and 't shall please you; yet there may be a doubt the tother way, for our Fathers were next Neighbors.

Fer. That's a plaguy Wench; she has not milk'd so many Kine for nothing, she knows the danger of the Horn.

Jul. I beseech your Majestie let us depart, these fine men flout us. *Cor.* Well said Innocence, thou art at home, and play'st within doors, the tother is more open.

Dor. We mean no harm, and 't please you: if my Lord will spare us a little of his sower Beer, we'll make you a dainty Sillibub; that's our qualitie.

Jul. Vdfoot, we shall be whipt anon for this Abuse.

Dor. I warrant thee Wench, hold up, Ile take two lashes for thy one. *Jul.* Indeed you are better able to bear it.

Fer. What's the Duke's purpose trow? how he does eyes 'em! They'd be good merchandize for some of us, now we are faire from our Mistresses. *Cor.* And may be so when he has done with 'em, that's my comfort.

Duke.

the merry Milk-Maid.

Duke. What was your father? *Big Duke.* A Swineheard, if it please you. *Duke.* What yours? *Jul.* A Ditcher, and I shall like you.

Cor. She's the better descended of the two. *What if all this come to?*

Duke. If thou hadst bin my Sister, and thou Daughter unto some bordering Prince, as *Florence, Padua, Verona*, or some farther place, what Prince wud not have sought and su'd to you? But go and make the Habitation were you were born, and dwell, a Paradise, and let all Courts be wilde and desolate.

Don. Excellent! my fortune's come about, and I will venter, though my life lye on it. *Jul.* My life lyes on it too.

Don. Hold thy tongue, thou art a flatterer, as I give thee example, follow. Pardon, pardon, Great Prince, if we have through our ignorance, or folly, give it what name you please, wrong'd this fair presence, wrong'd you the Light, that came but as the Egyptians, to adore the rising Sun, and to fall down before it. *Cor.* What white's this?

Don. We are poor Gentlewomen of this Countrey, neighbors unto this place, that took upon us this habit, to be freer and more bold, and yet more harmless, fearing to be prest with the Court Complement, that plays so thick in a young Damselfs ears, it often bears and batters down poor Virgins Chastitie. We did presume upon our strength to withstand the Pages, Footmen, and the Scullerie: but when a Lord should take us unto task, or others of your brave embroidred Train, alas we had bin like the silly Fowl under the trowing Hawk, laid flat before 'em, upon the very shaking of their feathers.

Fer. A good Wench ifaith, she flouts them to their faces.

Cor. But what is this intended for now? a Pastoral, or a Comedie? *Fer.* A Comedie sure, there's so much Wit in it. 'Tis your daughter. — *Don.* Yes: but pray be silent, let's see the effect, I dare not own her yet.

Duke. I let ye kneel thus long, to hear again that most harmonious voice, and ere thou risest, ask something of me, fit for thee to crave, and me to give, and thou art Mistress of it.

Don. I shall my gracious Lord, I crave your pardon.

Duke. Pish, that is needless, for thou'lt not offend; or if thou hadst, it were a poor one, that, for I do give it to Theeves

bled

A pleasant Comedy of

and Murderers: ask me a gift, that time may talk of it, being my first Bounty, which I wud conferre bravely and worthyly, and thou art born for't. Hadst thou Birth equal unto Wit and Beauty, thou wert a Wife for any Prince in Europe, and I my self wud take thee to my Bed: but rise, and think, consider what thou ask'st; yet thou art wise enough, I need not teach thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Ray. How now—your haste?

Mess. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. Your business? *Mess.* The good old Earle of—
is deceased, and the Earledom now confer'd unto your Crown.

Duke. 'Tis some addition; but wud he still had liv'd to have kept it still, he was so true a friend.—

Hast thou thought yet? *He speaks to Doris.*

Dor. Yes my Lord, I thank this Messenger.

There is an Earledom now fain to your Crown.

Duke. There is. *Dor.* Then that it is I crave, for him I owe all duty, all respect, and life unto. *Duke.* What's he?

Dor. One not farre off; my Father.

Duke. Is he thy Father?

Lod. Yes my dread Sovereign; I beseech your pardon, *Pointing to Lod.*

The Wench I think is frantick. *Lod. kneels.*

Duke. Hadst not thou bin her Father, thou hadst bin so many times
To have utter'd such a thought. Rise up Earl of—

Thou hast thy Princes word for't.

Ray. Have I broke my brains, as these white hairs do witness, for the safety of You, and of your Father before you, and the State, to have a private Gentleman, my Neighbor, meerly for getting of a handsom Wench, rais'd above me—it will nor be digested, for I will break the neck of these new Fortunes, or they shall mine, and crush me into nothing.

Duke. Not any one beside my self beholds the beauty of this Face, where two Suns move, kindling new fires to the God of Love. The Title of a Queen much better wud become thee than a Beggar. Why didst not ask to be what Nature did intend thee for, and I wud consummate, had not Fortune set thee so many steps below me in thy birth?

Dor. If I might not offend my gracious Prince, I wud make bold

the merry Milk-Maids.

bold to speak. Duke. I did, and do entreat thee.

Dor. And speak freely? Duke With all liberty.

Dor. I may I hope, without your Courtiers scorn, pronounce myself a Lady, and before this Honor was confer'd upon me by you, there did run generous blood within these veines, and if not noble: but say there did not, and I had been born the last of the last rank of basest people, yet you have made me (such is the power of Princes) truly noble: I am the daughter of an Earl which is a Prince, and by that title challenge Alliance with every other Prince of higher blood. And if the Emperor himself were here, he now wud own me for his Kinswoman, for I stand in the Line of Royalty: and who denyes it, knowes not Heraldry. Ray. Here's a Wench knowes how to blaze a Coat.

Dor. Therefore my Lord, my Blood can be no let, (if I fail not in other parts) to make a Duchess, or a Queen, and may become (if you be pleas'd to make me so) your Wife, ambitious of your Love, not of the Title.

Duke. Famine and Wars plague my Dominions, and strike at my own Person, but I love thee, infinitely love thee, love thee beyond the Word, beyond all action that expresseth it. To call thee Fair, Sweet, Loving, and my Wife, are but poor Attributes: thou art my Soul, the better part, that governs my best thoughts, and bids me think on Heaven, and view thee. Thy freeness and thy Wit, for such as do respect a Dower, are sufficient. What are Towns, Countries, that may be destroy'd by Sword or Fire, comparable to thee, that bear'st about thee in one limb the Beauty of twenty thousand Cities, and their Wealth? Thou art all the World to me, for I can live, and sit down by thee with content of mind, without ambition how to conquer farther, and think I have enough; and so shall all, all of you here that will be counted subjects, and wish the quiet of your Sovereign: for him that does not, let him leave me now, and I will curse him back again a Traytor: and she her self shall curse him, and so damn him. For. Nay, and't be come to that pass, I am silent.

Cor. 'Tis best so, when the Tongue may forfeit the Head: I have a con'd Speech already; *Long live the Duchesse.*

Ray. I am glad my Lord was meal-mouth'd when she was a Milk-maid, I am sure he give her no ill language.

Duke.

A pleasant Comedy of

Duke. What Princes of the East, or of the world, when they shall see thy picture, and me by thee, circling thee thus, and thy arms so with mine, to shew consent in our Affections, but will consider with himself, how poor (although he have the Indies in his reach) he is to me, and sigh himself to death? Father be merry, And my Lord be you so; for now your House is happy, and shall look more glorious than our Palaces: Although you left the Walls as naked as your Roof, let every Room be deckt with Countenances chearful, as at the hour I was born, when as I heard my Father here with you, and had the glad news brought him. Wait not so? *Ray.* Yes, my good Lord.

Duke. Why so then: Musick, and some Wine, That I may drink a Health to her I love, Deep as my Affections.

A flourish of Cornets.
Coy. You shall see he will be drunk with Wine As well as with Love.

Duke. First you shall pledge me, then it shall go round, unless it stop at any discontent, whom out of all this number I would note.

Ran. And't be good Wine, it shall ne're stick at me, what ere the Health be. *Fer.* No, Seignior? I thought you had had a Small-beer stomach. *Ran.* Never but i'th morning.

Dor. My Lord——

Drinks to Raymond

Jul. The Courtiers begin to melt, and my mighty Madam knows how to command: I wonder what I shall be? The Dice went equally once in my own opinion for Duchesse; but Duchesse's Mate, that's my comfort.

Duke. What eye now looks on thee, that not contemns the colours of the Lilly and the Rose, which come as short of Beauty as of Sweetness? Lend me thy hand my Joy, for I will yet but borrow it, till with thy heart I take it at the Temple, and make it mine for ever.

That Fame may through the world my minde discover, Less happy by being a Duke, than being a Lover.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE. 4.

Enter Bernard disguised like a Doctor, Landoff his Tutor like a Serving-man.

Ber. Come *Asmody*, thou seest I am rul'd by thee, I take thy
advice; and how dost thou like me in this Doctors habit?

Land. Why very well Sir, and handsom, you look as if you had
travell'd for your Degree: but 'tis the better, for no experience
is gotten without travail.

Ber. But what shall I do when
they bring me their brittle Pispors? I cannot cast 'em.

Land. No: then give them me, I can. *Ber.* Why, art
thou skilful in Physick? *Land.* Enough to cast away an Uri-
nal, or two. *Ber.* Cast it away, I marry *Asmody*, so can I.

Land. Why and that's sufficient: if it be troubled water, let
'em carry it home again to make Lye with, 'twill save Soap: But
you must know Sir, you must be reserv'd, and not a publick Pro-
fessor, like your Tutor. *Ber.* As little as thou wilt, *Asmody*.

Land. If it please you Sir, you may take away the first part of
my Name, it does not sound so well in a Serving-man, because
he is always at the heels of his Master.

Ber. What, thou wudst have *As* taken away, & be call'd *Moody*?

Land. For your good Sir I wish it, and for brevity sake: besides sir,
you ha'nt one scholar among twenty but knows what *Asmody* is

Ber. Thou sayst well: then hencefor ward *Moody*, let *As* go to
the Spirit. *Land.* Sir, for I am now you know your Familiar.

Ber. And a wily one, me thinks.

Land. I must be so, for I shud have a sad Master of you else.
And look you Sir, because you shannot prove me a lyar, here is
your Sweet-hearts Brother (in time of yore your Chamber-fel-
low,) in a worser pickle then you, for he is in love *Aurium tenus*,
you are but up to the middle.

Enter Frederick and Dorilus.

Fre. Why, I tell thee my Sister is such a Wild-Cat, there is
no other fellow again in all Germany, and yet thy Sister followes
well after: they are a Couple, and so is the Devil and the
Hangman, and at good company: they follow any man under
the Cope: they wud laugh at me, but that they know I care not
for it, and put 'em out with an excellent Trick that I have, call'd
bor

A pleasant Comedy of

borrowing of Money. Come, bear up man, and drink, look you here's mine Host come to bid us welcome.

Enter Host.

How now mine Host, what time of day is't with you, ha?

Host. Full Tide Gentlemen, full Tide. But you are welcome; I am your Servant, your Slave, your Cat, or your Dog, or any thing in *Rerum natura*. *Frs.* Hah mine Host, ist come to that point? Go thy ways, go sleep, and send thy Dromedaries in with Wine, and Glasses clear as Crystal.

Host. As clear as *Claridiana*, my brave Bullies.

Frs. What, in History, mine Host?

Host. And in Poetry too, when I am pleas'd to couple—some Wine you Knaves, some Wine.

Frs. Your legs couple ill favouredly, mine Host.

Host. My legs were not brought up to it.

Enter Bernard.

Ber. By your leave mine host. *Host.* Welcom of this side too, my man of knowledg, I am thy Slave, thy Servant, Dog, or Cat, or any thing in *Rerum natura*. *Ber.* By your leave Gentlemen.

Frs. You are welcome Sir. *Ber.* I am a stranger here, and understand you are Gentlemen of this Countrey, well descended, and I do want such good acquaintances, therefore make bold to press into your company. *Frs.* An Italian Sir, I take it.

Ber. Yes Sir, and a small practiser in Physick.

Frs. O Sir, let not your modesty wrong you, I wud you had a Pissl to purge Melancholy, here's a Gentleman much offended with't; give him a glass of Claret, you are a stranger, and he will not refuse you. *Ber.* That I will sir.—Fellow, some Wine.—

Sir—*Doril.* I cry you mercy. *Ber.* I drink this to your Health, and I have brought it. *Doril.* How Sir?

Frs. Let him drink off his Wine, and hee I tell you more.

Doril. You spoke something like comfort, Sir. *Ber.* I did, and will persevere. *Doril.* You a welcome man, pray shew how.

Frs. Drink off your Wine, and hee I shew you how.

Doril. Prithee away. *Ber.* Pray sir pledge me.

Doril. I will pledge you. *Frs.* Did you not drink two, Sir?

Host. Yes marry did he, if I have two eyes, he drunk two.

Frs. Prithee mine host stand aside, thou hast ne re an eye.

Host.

the merry Milk-Maids.

Hof. How, ne're an eye? that goes hard, if I have drunk out two eyes in three hours. *Doril.* Now Sir will you speak?

Ber. Yes Sir, and tell you what I know, although a stranger, and till this hour never saw your face. *Land.* O Villain, they were Bedfellowes together for a Twelve-month.

Ber. You are in love with fair *Dorigene*, Sister unto this Gentleman. *Doril.* You amaze me. *Ber.* 'Tis true, Sir. *Doril.* Yes very true I finde it: but for the cure of this? *Fre.* Why 'tis ordinary, get her good will, and lie with her. How think you Sir, is not that the Cure? *Ber.* A better cannot be applyed, I assure you. *Doril.* Wud thou wert gone. *Fre.* How do you mean, in drink? Give me some Wine, I had forgot my self. Mine host, I wud drink to thee, but thou art not able to pledg me: therefore here's to thee honest blew-coat. *Land.* I thank you sir.

Enter. Smirk with Bags.

Smirk. By your leave Gentlemen. *Fred.* What *Smirk*? Welcome, what wind drove thee hither?

Smirk. The best in the four Quarters: Look you, here's Cash, Gold and Silver, you must pay your Debts, purchase new Clothes, and come to Court instantly. Your Father is made an Earl, your Sister a Duchesse, and you are a Count, or I know not what, and I am an Esquire: my Boy is a Gentleman, when I have him, as I am laying about for one. *Fre.* The fellow ha's broken open some Goldsmiths house, and will be hang'd: Do'st thou know what thou do'st?

Smirk. My Lord, as I am a Gentleman and an Esquire, I do reverence the very invention of your Honors next Sure: He help you to a Draper shall give you all your Men-Liveries, to make it of Cloth; my Haberdasher ha's a new Block, and will finde me and all my Generation in Bevers as long as we last, for the first hanfel. *Fre.* The fellow is mad.

Smirk. Mad or mad not, 'tis all one, I speak truth; you Father's an Earl, your Sisters a Duchesse, you are a Count, or I know not what, I am an Esquire, and my Boy is a Gentleman, when I have him. *Doril.* What does this fellow talk?

Smirk. This fellow talkes as he thinks, and thinks as he talkes, and talkes what he knowes. I wonnot repeat it over again, for the disparagement of my Wit: but what I say, I will maintain,

A pleasant Comedy of

what I maintain, I will say ; and the very Bells themselves shall ring it out *Probatum*.

Drawer. 'Tis true indeed my Lord , your Sister's made Duchess of——and shalbe married unto the Duke , The news doth come to Town with every man, and no man disagrees, but constantly affirms it for a truth.

Doril. O that it were so ; by my Fathers Soul I would be free as that is, and as happy , for I would laugh this Woman from my heart, and she should be no more to me , then her I know not, I wud be so much man, and something more : for I wud wish to enjoy her as a man ; lose her in mind, and find her in my blood, and I do feel such turnings in my thoughts.

Fre. Why now you are your self : Yet I'de advise you to go to Court, and see her.

Doril. See her, I, and speak to her , and call her woman, there were no Treason in't, were it ?

Fre. Not any.

Doril. Good, then let us go : for what Ile do till I come there, I know not, or if I did, I wud not utter it.

Ber. Why *Asmady*, will you be found an ignorant Spirit ? how hap I knew not this ?

Land. You imploy'd not me to enquire of it.

Fre. Gentlemen , as I understand my self , I am a Lord, I do not know, I may be an abus'd Coxcombe ; but howsoever, here are good tokens of it. Mine Host, what have I chalkt in sundry and several times ?

Host. Chalke is but Chalke, a Rundle makes a shilling , but that's nothing.

Fre. Ile come to you mine Host when you are sober : Gentlemen, you are for the Court.

I am for the Taylors , when next we meet,
We will bring hearts as sound as our Clothes, sweet.

ACT 2. SCENE I.

Enter Ferdinand and Cornelius.

Fer. **VV** Hat, is the Duke married ?

Cor.

the merry Milk-Maids.

Cor. Questionless, by this time, they were at *To have*, and to hold when I left 'em. Look you, here come the Feathers, the inseparable Coxcombe of the Court.

Enter Callow and Ranoff.

Ran. By the life-blood which danceth on her Lip, she is all Paradise, Divine, Angelicall, the Duchesse me thinks looks like a dowdy to her.

Cor. O for an informer——Capital treason.

Call. If my Taylor had not been a Knave——

Fer. He had been an honest man. *Call.* But——

Fer. O there's a stop, I thought the brazen Image wud ha' spoke.

Enter Bernard, Landoff, Dorilus.

Ber. *Asmodey*, you were best stay behind, there's no place for Spirits ith Court. *Land.* O fir, all your brave spirits keep at Court, and I know my distance.

Ber. If you do not, here be those will teach you. What comfort man? there is no fitter place to attend their coming out, then here, here you may have full sight, and perhaps speech.

Doril. Nay I will have speech with her, and tell her roundly how she ha's play'd the Murtheress with a man that would have dy'd most willingly for her. *Ber.* What, in the passionate vain again? *Doril.* No, but somewhat vehement.

Enter the Duke, Duchesse, a Bishop, Lord Raymond.

Duke. The Diademe that crown'd my head, brought cares along with Dignity: But thou my Sweet hast crowned my heart with joyes perpetuall; Love, that lead thee to the Church a Maid, hath brought thee backe again a perfect Wife, and made thee fit to be as thou do'st promise, Mother of many Princes.

Dorilus kneels as the Duchesse passeth by, she beckens one to bring him to her.

Cor. Pray heaven the Duke be in his right senses, he talkes all Raptures, studied Poetry. *Fer.* As every outrageous lover does. If I were weary of my self, I have an Adagy wud hang me instantly.

Cor. What's that?

The Duchesse and Dorilus talke privately.

Fer. Why the old one, hot love's soon cold. *Cor.* To requite you, that breath were better kept to coole your Porredge.

A pleasant Comedey of

Fer. You say very right sir. *Dor.* This is the Face that wud not let me rest, but visit me in dreams: Look this way still, and burn me with thy comfortable Beams.

Dor. I must confess, I ever had a wild, wanton, and untam'd tongue, but still the heart of such a matron as my Mother was: I did and do still love thee, and I protest purpos'd to have married thee, but that I think thy self wud not have wisht me to have lost a fortune such as this—little did I imagine, when I did jeast those words, to have been a Duchesse.

Doril. I do not come to taske you to your word, but to behold the Riches I have lost, that must confess my self unworthy of you: hither I came resolv'd to let you know that I durst look upon you, and could lose you without sigh or tear: but having seen you, you have a fresh kindled the fire again, and I must die a Martyr in your love.

Dor. What shall we do *Julsa*? do'st thou see the sad and down cast countenance of thy Brother? I love him for his own sake, and for thine, and wud not have him perish; which I fear.

Jul. Troth Madam I doubt him too: but if the worst come to the worst, 't's but a foolish lover cast away.

Dor. There are some flattering waies yet to restore him, if we could light on 'em. Alas good *Dorilus*, I never yet had other Testimony of your love, then that which all you Men unto your ends can faine better then Women, sighs and sad words, mingled with some Tears.

Doril. If those had not been witnesses sufficient, why did you not enioyne me to a taske harder then ever cruelty did yet? you should ha' said, I dare thee *Dorilus* to die; or do but say so yet, that I may be assured you can love *Dorilus* dead, whom living you despis'd, and I will at your feet yield my last breath.

Dor. I pritheethink me not a Murderess, to take delight in blood: no, my dear *Dorilus*, live and live long, that I may love thee so, yet if thy love be, as thou do'st profess, no danger, travail, nothing that Art can do, obtain with much loss, greater difficultie, will be left unattempted: therefore, to try what strength it holds in thee, and make it gain'd, better esteem'd of, being hardly got, I shall enioyn thee to a strange designe.

Doril. Let it be dangerous, and 'tis the better, and I shall easilier accomplish it.

Dor.

the merry Milk-Maids.

Dor. It is not dangerous, nor impossible, for I have read even in effect the like to have been obtained for a——Queen.

Doril. Pray speak it. *Dor.* A garland of the rarest flowers on Earth, the choicest to the eye, and to the Sense, set with such fruits the season of the year affords not in this Clyme, and it must have the vertue of continuing ever fresh, as long as you remain constant in love. This is the taske, which if you can obtain, by all the faith in woman, and that Justice which punisheth all Perjurers, I vow thou shalt embrace all thy desires in me.

Doril. A garland of all flowers?

Dor. Of all the Earth produceth, that are choise: if I, or any one that see it, can call any Flower by a Name, not there, you not perform your enterprize.

Doril. This is a taske indeed. *Int.* She ha's sent you a picking:

Doril. But it is nothing, when the Prize is thought of, that it shall purchase. *Dor.* Will you undertake it?

Doril. I will not move in any other labour, it shall be both my Business and my Pleasures: with my best duty let me kiss your hands. I shall not need to doubt, to enjoy your love when I have done it:

Dor. May that beautie which you adore in me, be blasted, but—

Doril. I believe you: Fair far-wel. *Dor.* My Lord, your pardon:

Duke. For what my Duchesse? though this day alone should be resolved onely to our selves, yet if thou please to lend thy patience to any one that is a Suitor to thee, it shall give no dislike, but rather please us.

Fer. Here's a Duke now will make all his subjects kind husbands:

Cor. If he continue as he begins, He give my wife the Breeches, for women will reign, that's certain.

Fer. Raigh, I and thunder and lighten too, He warrant thee.

Exeunt Duke with his Train.

Land. A prettie dumb shew, this. *Doril.* How do you Sir? you appear to me more troubled then my self.

Ber. No, I am well: pray what's the news? *Doril.* I must go travaill. *Ber.* Travail, what to do? *Doril.* To gather Flowers, Strawberries—

Land. And Creame. *Ber.* Why how now sirrah?

Land. Something bold sir, for Affinities sake.

Ber. But pray be serious with me: by that friendship, which
for

A pleasant Comedy of

for the time we have been acquainted, hath been as much as ever was made up in so few hours; I do conjure you tell me, and tell me faithfully, all the whole passage.

Doril. I was telling you: she has enjoyn'd me to bring her a fair Garland, of all Flowers that can be nam'd, which must continue fresh as long as I remain constant to her.

Ber. This is not in the power of Man to do. *Doril.* This is her imposition. *Ber.* Asmodey, what think you of this?

Lan: Why I say Sir, comfort your friend, for ere the Sun shall twice to th'Sea decline his golden beams, Ile bring a Garland hither, made of all Flowers that every corner of the World contains, and with that Charm too, that it shall remain beautifullie flourishing, while he continues warm'd in the strength of his Affections.

Ber. Do this my gentle Spirit, and thou shalt make him, who is thy Master, bound unto thee, he shall release thee, I will buy thy years, although it cost me half of my Estate.

Lan. No more, some few hours hence expect me. *Exit:*

Ber: Sir, will you take the counsel of a friend? and thrust these sorrows from you? what wud you give to purchase such a garland as you speak of? *Doril.* I thought you Sir of more humanitie, and better breeding, then to mocke miserie.

Ber: I do not mocke you, and may accuse you now for having me in such suspicion: we are but young in our Acquaintances, and that begets these doubts: will you impart half your Estate to him shud bring you this?

Doril. All, and become in debt to pay that man. *Ber:* What do you judge your Estate to be Sir? *Doril:* Better then three hundred pound a year.

Ber. Why that shall do it: Pardon me Sir, I am poor, and such an Accident as this perhaps, to make a Fortune. will not in all my age befall again: nor can you lose by it, for in her favours you shall be advanc'd. *Doril:* Without those wise considerations, you instantly shall have it made to you, not in word onely, but in deeds, if you perform what you propose to me.

Ber: VVhy you say well Sir, will you now to the Scriveners?

Doril. Most joyfully, and with what speed you please:

Ber: Lead Sir, Ile follow: is it not strange to see, that a man shud

the merry Milk-Maids.

shud, as hath been often shown, cure others griefs, yet cannot help his own.

Exeunt

SCENE. 2.

Enter Lodwick, father to Dorigene; Frederick, a Lady, and Smirk.

Lod. NOW Sir, you are so dy'd i'th' grape, and so deboish't with Tavern Quarrels, that here your carriage amongst the inferior sort wil prove ridiculous: for we shal have you down i'th' Wine-cellar, or at the Beer amongst the guard carow-sing, and after, fall to Cuffes; your Band and Doublet torn from your Neck and Back, and your brave Breeches stain'd with the variation of each soyl.

Fre. Nay good Sir donnot aggravate a Fault: I know I have bin often i'th' dirt, (and so ha's many a better man then I) before I was the Dukes Brother; but now I will give no man place at Walk or Kennel. *Smirk.* My yong Lord is in my mind to a thred for that. *Lod.* I know thou hast matter

enough in thee, and parts sufficient to make a Courtier; but this same Drink, and Country Liberty, ha's spoil'd thee irrecoverably. *Fre.* Why Sir, what wud you ha'me do? you shall finde I will be capable.

Lod. Why you must bend yourself unto the Ladies. *Smirk.* Bend to the Ladies: Alas poor old man, he talks— *Lod.* I mean, apply your self, converse

with 'em, and still be tending your service to 'em; they will look for't: Look you, here come Presidents; There is a young Lord now, a Knight followes him, mark but how they endeavor in the business. *Fre.* Udsfoot, I think my Father thinkes I

am an Ass: cannot I lead a Lady by the Arm, hold off my Hat, and dance my Cinque-a-pace; and after along story of my silence, ask how she does? I will satisfie him, he shannor find me to degenerate—by your leave Lady. *Lady.* What's he

tro? he ha's reasonable handsome Clothes, but they become him not. *Smirk.* The dumbe Lord's frighted, his hair stands

an end. *Ran.* My Noble Lord; the Duchesse Brother.

Call. Your pardon my good Lord.

Fre. What Masculine Baboon's this—Lady, I honor you.

Lady

A pleasant Comedy of

Lady. O my good Lord, there are better Faces i'th Court
for you to honor. *Fre.* By that all-killing Eye, that mur-
dering Lip— *Lady.* Fie, fie, my Lord, you make me blush.

Fre. O Madam, donnot so, you'l spoile your painting.

Smirk. Look you my Lord, my Lord your Son is at it.

Lod. A shrewd Boy: I thought, because my self have bin
bred up a Souldier, and unfit, and ever was, to these Court
Complements; he, having not bin exercis'd, wud be so: He
leave him now, and take no more charge of him.

Smirk. No, no, let the Surgion look to him.

Enter Julia.

Julia. Wud I were i'th Countrey again, I shall run mad here:
your tumultuous Courtiers wonnot let me rest; Visitants early
and late, and all come about one business, to tell me I am fair,
which I know well enough, yet can be well content to let them
swear it. I have the Prayers of all the Mercers, Taylors, Haber-
dashers i'th' whole Citie, and their Wives curses; for not a
Man looks that way: I am the the Bird, at which each well-
drawn Courtier shoots his bolt. Look you, I am spied already:
They leave all companies, all places; upon Service times, the
Chappel, if I be not there.

Now my tongue-tyed Lord, whose language is i'th' motion
of this Neck, I wonder he is not troubled with the Crick: What
does your Lordship say? I donnot hear you. *Call. Hum.*

Jul. Wud the World believe there were such a Man? Pray
my Lord tell me your meaning? *Call. Hum.*

Jul. Sure your Honor had a silent Nurse. *Ran.* He wud
ha' prov'd the Miracle of the World, if he had bin a Woman.

Jul. He wud indeed Seignior, I donnot think, but if his
Tongue were clapt, he wud talk yet; what think you?

Ran. I think as you think, Lady.

Jul. Take heed of that, so you may wrong your self. I wud
my Lord that I could understand you, I do perswade my self then
I could love you. *Call.* O sweet Lady. *Jul.* Why this is

well my Lord, can you go on? *Call.* I had a hard heart else.

Jul. Admirable; good my Lord go forward, talk, and He
love you infinitely, that is, beyond talk.

Call. Silence Lady is the best part of Wisdom.

Jul

the merry Milk-Maids.

Jul. Let Wisdom go to grave ones, give us talk, it is youth's
Musick, and doth stir affection, as Motion, Hear. Good my
Lord talk. *Call.* Why Lady, I can talk. *Jul.* O my Lord.

Call. What ail you, Lady? *Jul.* You will ravish me.

Call. Not I, Ile assure you I come not of the kind.

Jul. I mean you'll overcome me: and if you talk much, I
shall entreat you will hold your peace.

Call. Nay, believe it Lady, I will not talk much: but if I list
to talk, I have a Tongue that can talk much, and loud as ano-
ther Man. *Ran.* I was afraid he wud ha' said, Woman.

Call. But talk's but talk, therefore I use it not: but for your sake,
sweet Lady, it may be that I will finde a Tongue to talk of
something, and that same something must be of you, or else
'tis nothing. *Jul.* Away my Lord, I am bound to stop mine
ears; the Syrens sing in you.

Call. Why let 'em sing, Song is but Song, no more then Talks
but Talk; yet talk does well, where talk is well regarded, o-
therwise 'tis lost: And I have bin a talker in my time, and will
be so again, to give content to such a Lady as doth love to talk,
or knowes what talk is; and can talk her self; else 'tis much
better for to hold ones peace: for I have heretofore bin a great
Talker, and foolish Ladies that understood me not, have praid
me hold my peace, and they wud love me; just as you now, on
the contrary, pray me to talk, and not to hold my peace, and
then you'll love me. *Jul.* I will maintain this in him, to
make him talk his Lungs out. Oh, Oh.

Call. What is the matter?

Jul. What I had never heard this Tongue of yours: But I was
cush to hear it, more to provoke it.

Call. Why do you say so? For this Tongue of mine shall be
pull'd out, and thrown unto the Dogs, or to the Hawkes, before
it shall offend your daintie Ears, that love to hear a Tongue talk
as a Tongue should do, of wit and Beautie, and Beautie and
wit, which do abound in you.

Jul. Pie, fie, fie, this is not to be endur'd.

Call. Believe it Lady, but it is: 'tis fit that you shud hear,
and I shud talk, the subject being you, and I the Talker: Where-
fore have Ladies Beautie, and Men Eies and Tongues, but to

A pleasant Comedy of

behold that Beautie, and then talk of it. I do proclaim him here a dunce, a Sor, that ha's a Tongue, and cannot talk of you: nay, though he had ne're a Tongue, yet he might think a talk; and that, though not as good, might serve for talk.

Enter Lord Raymond and the Duchesse.

Jul. The Duchesse; good my Lord leave until another time.

Call. I, another time, and weel talk four or five hours together. *Fre.* By this hand Wench Ile keep touch.

Lady. Touch and take my Lord, else no medding.

Fre. Go, you are a Fool, farewell; expect me, Sister Duchesse, how do'st? I thank thee for my Lordship. I knew thou wert born to make us all, advance us to the third Region. How does my Brother Duke deal with thee? Do'st thou *Burgeon*? Shall we have Bonfires, and the Bells rung out, for joy thou hast made an Uncle? How now *Julia*? What's thy Title? Lady of Honor, and Principal Secretarie to my Sister, is't not? Who breakes the best jests now? *Jul.* My Lord.

Fre. My Lord; no, my Lady by all means.

Dor. Fie Brother, understand your self, and as you have taken on Dignitie, so put on Gravity, or you will prove ridiculous.

Fre. Let me prove what I will, Sister. He have all the Court to imitate me: if I had bin born a Fool, I wonder what's he wold ha' bin wise? Come Wench, be thy self still, and thou shalt be the Miracle of Princes, have all the wicthy Subjects utter, shine, and drawn together in a Volume, called the Duchesse of *Saxonia* her Apothegmes, which shall put downe the Tales of other Nations. Thy Birth-day shall be made a Holy-day, and crown'd with full Cups, and with deep ones too, and I my self will first begin the Health, and bring it up in *Germany* a Fashion, off to salute the Cup, and kiss it sweetly. But where's the Duke my Brother? *Fre.* I and cery: I?

Dor. Pray my Lord do you speak to him: happily he will endure reproof from you. *Fre.* My Lord.

Fre. I have sworn not to grant any Suite this week, therefore, prithee donnor trouble me—O my Lord, I cry you mercy.

Ray. The Duchesse wud be private.

Fre. Near and private she shall be, but for Let you, and I shake hands, *Wisdom and Wit.*

Dor.

the merry Milk-maids.

Dor. Thou art all wildness, that nothing I think will tame, but a long Voyage, and unfortunate. O *Julia*, I do think upon upon thy poor afflicted Brother, good Gentleman, that he should place his love so disastrously. I wonder how he does?

Jul. He is as great a stranger unto me, as to you Madam, I never saw him since.

Dor. I hope he did not spend his time so ill in the Univerſitie at *Wittenberg*, but he ha's learnt ſo much Philoſophie, to tame thoſe headſtrong paſſions.

Jul. You may pray rather he ha's not ſpent his time as *Faustus* did, and many that are there, in Negromancie, ſo to perform the taſke you have laid on him.

Dor. Alas poor wench, doſt thou believe there can be ſuch an Art?

Jul. Why, have we it not recorded, *Faustus* did ſecth *Brune's* wife, Duchesse of *Saxony* in the dead time of Winter, Grapes ſhe long'd for?

Dor. Such a report there goes, but I hold fabulous. *Jul.* Well, had I been as you, I'de not ha' laid ſo deep an Oath upon't.

Enter Dorilus.
Dor. Wud that were my worſt fear. Look where he comes.

Julia leave me, Ile hold conference with him, and by delaies ſeek to wear out his ſorrow.

Dor. Why kneel you *Dorilus*? *Doril.* Dutie ha's taught me, though you were not her For one has made you: every thing de-

lights to be commanded by you; under yons with lies all things upon Earth, and growes for you, proſpers for your ſake, ſtrives

to be lovelie, in emulation of your Exeellence. Here is a garland of thoſe Flowers you ſpoke of, which nature put forth, and art

fetcht for you; Place it upon your head, and it ſhall dim the glorious ſplendor of your other Crown: laſting it is, as it; for it

ſhall flouriſh according to your wiſhes, till I alter and change the courſe of my affection.

Dor. Thou doſt aſtoniſh me: wud I could call this any thing but Truth, a Dream, a Viſion, with terrors following it, enough

to ſinke me deeper in Earth then I am now above it. when *Flowers* ſtrives to decke the Earth with Flowers, ſhe never ſhew'd half

ſuch varietie. Good *Dorilus* leave me a while to think, and to collect my ſelf and then return. *Doril.* I ſhall.

Dor. Why did theſe Flowers grow? to bluſh for me? or do they

A pleasant Comedy of

they blush, because they have wrought my shame? why did not Stormes and North winds nip your Buds, and kill'd ere you shew'd the Sun your leaves? why did not lightnings blast ye? Beasts or Worms plucke up your Roots, and make you fit for fire? there you had shew'd more glorious then here: for here you bring, under so many Colours, a shew of Sweetness, that will breed the plague, and run infection into our bloods: for if I fall, what woman will be honest? or being so, what's he that will believe it?

Enter the Duke

Duke. How now my Duchesse? talking to thy self? what's that? why do'st thou hide it from me? it is rich unto the eye, but much more rarer. Flowers so plentiful, and at this time, it wonders me? pricke let me see it, I never saw so many various forms knit up so curious. believe me, 'tis a present fit for the Queen of Nations, and for thee; he well deserv'd, that did bestow it on thee.

Dor. 'Tis not to be bestow'd Sir, 'tis to be bought, and at a dear Rate too. *Duke.* Why and thou do'st, no matter, for trust me 'tis a very pretty Toy. *Dor.* A pretty Toy must buy it.

Duke. If it wud not fade. *Dor.* It will not fade Sir, it will keep too long I fear, for you to like it.

Duke. Why do'st thou think so? it is like thy self, full of varietie, and choise delights, and th' longer I behold it, the more it likes me.

Dor. O! there are Serpents in't, and ugly Toads, that brust and shed their poyson! not a Flower, but bears a sting in it, that wounds my heart: foul lust and murder, that doth follow it, lies hid amongst the leaves. O throw me Sir, throw me from your Embraces, as far as the wild winds doth drive the dust before it, and destroy me. Like it to nothing: Purge your Land, by making bonfires of it and me upon some hill, that the blacke smoke may vanish into Air: and not infect your Turrets.

Duke. Why do'st thou talke thus?

Dor. First kill me Sir, it will be charitable, then rip my bosom up, and in my heart there you shall find what my tongue loathes to utter. *Duke.* I thought, dear Dorigene, I never thus have been a stranger to your thoughts, till now: I pricke speak, what is it troubles thee?

Dor. Why did these Flowers grow? to pluck for me, or do they

the merry Milk-Maids.

Dor. If I were sure that breath shud be my last, you shud not then entreat me; but receive it, hoping you will be mercifull, and kill me. There is a Gentleman, named *Dorilus*, that lov'd me fore you saw me, and I him, although I never gave him any hope: upon the wedding day he meet me here, and lookt so like a man that meant to perish, that I was willing to restore some comfort; whereon I wisht him get me such a Garland, made of all Flowers, that the world contains, not thinking such a thing could have been done, and for requital promis'd him—I can not utter no more, nor shud have thought so much.

Duke. Is this all? *Dor.* All? wud you more? wud you we should proceed? grow impudent in sin, till thunder rent us?

Duke. VVhy, but such promises may be dispens'd with, though you had seal'd it with a Vow.

Dor. I did Sir, and a great one: nor left there, but added two or three to that; the least was, the blasting of this beauty he ador'd

Duke. I know not how to doubt, yet this may be a cunning; I will try her, Let it not trouble thee, dear *Dorigene*; thou shalt perform thy Vow, He be the Sufferer, and take the sin on me.

Dor. But the damnation must be mine, my Lord, and if I pull it on me, I sha be this way rather then *offers to stab herself* wronging you.

Dor. VVhy so, thou wrongest me worst, and wud deprive me of all the joyes in this world, thou wilt teach me by ill example, how to follow thee. Sweet, let me kiss thee, I will beg for that, which all men else do labour to avoid; it is but one hours loss for thee, I prithe make no more scruple of it then other women: it is a Crime, that not one night i'th year, but some where or other such a Fault is made, nor looks the wife the next day worse for it.

Dor. No more Sir. *Duke.* Thou wilt consent? *Dor.* I wil.

Duke. Why I thank thee, I have bestowed some pains to beg my self into an Order. O *Dorigene*, if thou be'st false, the Serpent parted with his Subtlety, and clos'd it in the fruit he gave thy Sex. *Exit.*

Dor. I know not whether I am greater blest or curst in such a Husband: Fate thou hast thy ends, and I have mine. Come *Dorilus*, and take me now whilest I have Obedience: give me not

A pleasant Comedy of

not respite, to enter into considerations, lest I do worse then perform my Vow.

Enter Dorilus.

He comes—Welcome my *Dorilus*, be merry man, and look upon me as a lover should, that ha's obtain'd his Mistress: I am thine, and for the time free, as I am the Duke. Be bold man in approaching, there's no fear of spies upon us; we are free, as people that know no laws, or do command the laws: I have the Dukes consent for what I do, nay, his entreaty: he does like to have a rival in the thing he loves, and is not different from the common sort of men, that do esteem them most, that most abuse 'em.

Doril. How many waies do you desire to kill me?

Dor. Why *Dorilus*? *Doril.* You say the Dukes acquainted—

Dor. With our loves 'tis true: but there's no harm in that, for hee'l be secret, as I have life, he will. *Doril.* Why do you abuse me thus? *Dor.* I do not: for as I have a Soul, I'm Terious, he bid me keep my Vow; and said, the man that did bestow this Garland, did deserve—

Doril. What? to enjoy you?

Dor. I, to enjoy me.

Doril. He did it then to give us leave to sin, that he might punish.

Dor. O no, he did it for my quiet: he will sooner strike his own eye, to offend it, nay, his heart, rather then mine.

Doril. What do we then contriving lust together? that rebel blood, which rageth against him, had better been bestowed upon rude beasts, wilder then Wolves or Tigers; we are worse: they that wud wrong this truly Royal Prince, this Prince of his own passions, as of men, deserve to see no day, to taste no food, no cloathes to shield him from the rage of winter, but live more wretched then the fast of beggers, die without tears or prayers, and want a grave. Take your Vows backe again, and place 'em better, for here I make a general release of all debts twixt us, be a free woman, and set up anew, with caution, that you never prove bankrupt again, deal not so largely, nor trust so prodigally, lest you do meet with such as will take the full forfeiture: so vertue guard you, and your goodness crown your thoughts and actions with true chastity.

Raj. This is not as I look for, nor do wish.

Dor. O stay, let me not be so wretched, but to pay the almes

of

the merry Milk-maids.

of a true heart, thanks for your bountie, which hath been greater
than I can requite: Now I do love thee *Doril* as dear as thy
own mistress vertue. And I beseech thee deprive us not thy pre-
sence at the Court, for I will live to studie a requitall, and the
Duke with me, that shall know thy worth, and find it in thy
deeds, shall entertain thee, and in his bosome fix thee a true
friend: thou shalt not go unless thou promise me; I may re-
ceive and welcome thee at Court. *Doril* Since you command
me, I'll not fail to offer my service to my Sovereign and you.

Dor. With tears of joy I love thee.

Exit.

Ry. What blood have these two creatures? cold as I am, my
aged head wrapt like the Alpes in Snow, yet if the devil lust, had
warm'd me on, respects should never quench the heat in me.

There is a sparke already in my bosome, and I do feel it wor-
king towards my heart, which when it once hath reacht, and
kindled into a flame, no premeditation of the offence, shall
blow it out again: the Duke has entertain'd a jealousy, and im-
ploies me in the discoverie, which makes effectual to my pur-
poses: Mischief is brooding in my brains, and the event shall
worke my pleasures or their discontent.

Enter Bernard.

Ber. Well met sir, how now? melancholic: But now I
thinke on't, everie man is so after his height of dalliance, I did
hear you had admittance: and I faith how find you her?

Doril. You have my hand sir. *Ber.* Yes in my pocket, a large
hose you'l say can hold so many Aegs: but impart, you told
me being familiar with the cause, I should partake in the event:
she has performed —

Doril. Yes, verie gracious:

Ber. Why so then, what woud you more? *Doril.* No more:

Ber. Zounds, he's turn'd Echo: but I have observed, knocke
at the heart of Man after full joyes, and you shall find him like
an empty Vessel. I will leave you Sir.

Doril. Here me first, because you may not spread a Calumnie,
which when y' are not your selfe, wine may bring forth: here I
protest by all that's Righteous, both in Earth and Heaven, though
I had bought and paid for this from your selfe can witness, and
might have purchas'd it (but with the curses) I gave her vows
backe freely to her selfe, made her the same Duchesse that she
was, and is still absolute.

Ber.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ber. How? Freely gave her what cost you so dear?

Doril. Freely: and had my Life bin in the bargain, it had gone, And Wife and Children, if I had bin worth 'em— O you donnot know, and it is tedious to relate it to you.

Ber. You are a frank Giver, and you shall teach me, (for in all goodnes I will be your Scholar,) to imitate, though not to equal you: here take your Bonds again, if you could check that untam'd Fiend, call'd Lust, why should not I, by your Example, bridle Avarice? He is not worthy to receive, that knows not how to restore.

Pray take it, you wannon, you wud be singular, then look you Sir 'tis cancell'd: thus from the tatters I do tear the law, as you the crime you went with from your heart; you have your own again: and I am richer without it, than possessing. Fare you well Sir. *Doril.* Pray stay Sir, and make me not so wretched as leave that ugly sin ingratitude for my Companion: I may through your friendship think this life happy, to score age upon me, and die, with stories of you to my children.

Ber. And I of you wud do the like to mine: that shall if I can work it, call you uncle.

Doril. Bernard my friend, and chamber-fellow *Discovers him.*

Ber. And brother that wud be, nay must be; *self.*

Though I undertake as bad a task as picking of flowers. For here's my spirit *Asmody* can flie I but: *Asmody* can flie I but: The same way again.

Lan. No, I have clip't his wings. *Asmody* in his own shape.

Ber. Zfoot my Tutor, I am undone.

Lan. And bound him to a fierie chariot for threescore years, and after to be thrown into the bottom of the burning lake; boiling with pitch and sulphure. *Ber.* Alas poor *Asmody*, he will be over coddled. *Lan.* For his audaciousness.

Ber. Alas Sir, 'twas not his fault; for to say truth, I conjur'd him.

Lan. You conjur'd him, into what? in a blew coat and a beard, did you not? Look you there's your *Asmody*.

Ber. Troth Sir, you have bin too cruel with him, you might a let him have boild in his livorie, for his beard, it was not amiss to be pluckt off, for in time it wud a bin scalded.

Lan. Come, you are a Novice, did you think you could proceed

the merry Milk-Maids.

need in my own art, but I should know it. I was that *Asmodey* appear'd to you, when you kept such a thundring, with words that were of as much effect to call on move spirits, as mountains: but my *Dorilus*, my loving Pupil, for whose good I cannot with all the art I have, labour enough.

Doril. O, your zeal Sir, hath bin ever shown.

Lan. Presume upon me, for I do predict there will be need of me, and of my art e're it belong; and unless it please my Pupil *Bernard*, here to turn me off, He ev'n into my livory again.

Ber. You may do as you please Sir, but if you do, I shall forget you are my Master, and make account I have my servant *Asmodey* again.

Lan. Do so, and command me as you have done, He be unto your will obedient.

As you own limbs, and how so e're things sort,
In spite of fortune weel have a little sport.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Lord Raymond at one door: Duchess, Dorilus bare before her, leaning on his shoulder, and giving much grace unto him. *Musick*

Dor. Sir, I have a suit to you. *Duke.* Speak it.

Dor. To know this Gentleman, and if not for my sake, for his own to grace him, he has deserv'd it.

Duke. He has. *Ful.* O my dear brother. *Dor.* What do you mean Sir?

Dorilus kneeles, the Duke draws his sword and runs it on his bosome.

Duke. Away with her to prison, and let her father, and her brother both be turn'd out of the Court: Lord *Raymond*, be it your charge to see it done. *Exit.*

Ray. Unwillingly I obey you; O my heart dances, and turn'd unto so many joyes; it beates my blood about me into every part, that I grow yong again; alas good Lady, why do you weep? these tears were well becoming if you had any crime to wash away, but you are cleer as heaven; then bear your self as confident and shining, that stands unshaken, when men speak blasphemy and throw up curses: beware sweet Princess, your too zealous care exprest in the behalf of your firm friend, may be by some informing ear snatcht up, and carryed to the Duke,

A pleasant Comedy of

which wud pile high, and heighten up the mountain of his wrath,

Dor. Let it be so, and let that mountain fall, and all the world, with his displeasure on me, but hidden in the ruine, yet at last it is my comfort, I shall be found my self.

Ray. What a well built castle is a clear conscience? No Battery, no invasion stirs it, when a guilty one, is like a Spiders web, shook with the motion of each little flie: what help there lies in me much in ur'd Lady, assure your self of it, as if your own heart had the power to work it. *Enter a Guard.*

Dor. I shud wrong much nobleness to think otherwise.

Ray. See Madam, here's a Guard upon you.

Dor. They are welcome. *Ray.* So, the devil when he meaneth to seduce, puts on an Angels shape. Who doth not know how to dissemble, must not think to grow or prosper in his purpose: in this Plot envy alone is not exprest, but hot Untameable desires, which flame so high, One mischief must another satisfie.

I love fair *Julia*, and there was no way

How to obtain, but bringing to decay

The greenness of the Princess, misery

Will burst the strongest bar of Chastity.

She comes.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Where is my wretched Mistress? *Ray.* Alas, she is lost, and those that seek her, must be companions of her misery. Therefore be wise, fair *Julia*, and forget her; thou art as fair as she, as excellent; and I that rule the Duke do think so.

Jul. What means this? *Ray.* The meaning is like him that utters it, plain and sincere, to make thee Mistress of all the happiness which thou canst wish, as she whom I create shall stand above, and laugh at the calamities of others: Look not upon my hairs, I'm not so old but I can kiss thee into Action, infuse a breath into you through your ear, shall call a flaming blush into your cheek, and turn this spring-tide of your tears to fire, or change 'em in a blood, and strike 'em inward, to incite a heat as sensual as the same that did beget you.

Jul. I am incapable of this ill language: But suppose I were (my Lord) as you esteem me, is this a time, when my heart's full of sorrow, ready to break for their unfortunate fates, to give

ad-

the merry Milk-Maids.

admittance to so loathed a fact, that never could be tempted in the height of Festivals, and all the soothing flatteries trust up in vows and glories of a Court?

Ray. Why? I will give you liberty to think, to ponder on it for a little time; for I wud rather Love should make thee mine than Violence or Fear. Consider of it without delays, return me absolute: I am not like your dull cold English-man, that can attend his Mistress a whole day, a week, a moneth, a year, yet check his blood, and when it shud have vent to burst in fire, he weeps out in water. The Sun burns not outward, as my blood within, passions beat so thick and short, they make my entrails sweat. But for a while I leave you, think and be wise. *Exit Ray.*

Jul. 'Tis wisdom to conceal what I do think, and truth to call thee villain: O we are ruin'd, all of us are ruin'd. *Ent. Bernard.*

Bern. Yonder she is, and weeping. — Who will not be in love with sorrow, while it takes up her dwelling in that face, it is a question, whether smiles more adorn that cheek than tears?

Jul. O worthy Sir, how does my brother? *Bern.* Well, do not you fear it Lady. *Jul.* Why do you leave him?

Bern. To comfort you that have more need of it, For he sits up and laughs at misery, *Enter Fred.* With hope to out-live it; which is fortitude fitting a noble spirit.

Fred. Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me, &c. A good voice is a perpetual comfort to a man, he shall be sure he cannot want a Trade. Yonder's Madam *Julia*, and the Italian Doctor administering, they look like a couple of Tragedians in the fourth Act, out of countenance. Right Worshipful, Charitable, most Bountiful, and well-disposed, please you to look upon the estate of a poor decayed Lord, blown out of the bosom of good Fortune, unto the back side of mens bounties, from whence a sweet gale of good will may arise to blow me out of the dead sea of want and despair, into the happy haven of good Harbor, where I may lie at rest from hunger and cold, bound unto you in the bed-roll of benevolence, which howsoever small a pittance it shall be, in this ebbe of adversity, it shall be returned treble to you again in the next Tide of prosperity. — Sweet Madam, *Exit Bernard and Julia.* Why here is the right

fashion of the world, to turn the back side to a man that has no

money.

A pleasant Comedy of

money. They are gone to wash away grief in salt water, I mean to drown it in good Claret. *Enter Smirk.*

O courteous fortune that hath sent me a Companion! *Smirk.* how dost thou chicken? come, hold up thy head, and lets see the dismality of thy countenance, the doleful dumps that therein do appear, the knobles of adversity and fate. Hum — *Smir.* Oh, oh.

Fre. What Oh? Where lies the Cramp?

Smirk. Oh, Oh. *Strikes his breast.*

Fre. With that the moody squire thump't his breast, and rear'd his eyes to heaven for revenge. Speak sweet *Feronimo.*

Smirk. First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

Fre. Good both being out, now let us have the story.

Smirk. Kickt with disgrace, turn'd out of the Court, Both to the guard, and black guard made a sport.

Fre. Excellent *Smirk.* *Smirk.* To Landresses and Lackies made a scorn, And to all other people quite forlorn.

Fre. One time more, and I will crown thee *Fenner* Laureate.

Smirk. The Carters, Colliers and the Carriers curst me, the Porters puld me, and the Pages pure time.

Fre. Why this 'tis to be a squire *Smirk* before your time, and your boy to be a Gentleman before you have him.

Smirk. O that I had bin so happy to have liv'd and cleft wood yth country, preach at the Buttery-bar unto the Ploughmen, and there have us'd my authority in folio, when all the servants of the house shud be drunk at midnight, *Cum Privilegio.*

Fre. I, those were certain days, but what wut thou do now?

Smirk. Learn to winde whip-cord, and go hang my self.

Fre. But where didst thou leave my father?

Smirk. I left him condoling with two or three of his friends, at the sign of the Lamentation. *Enter Callow and Ranoff.*

Fre. The Salutation thou meanst. *Smirk.* In the Salutation

one way, and the Lamentation, the tother: — here comes more abuse. *Cal.* Me thinkes firrah, since my tongue brake loose,

I take an infinite pleasure in't, how thinkes thou?

Ran. Your Lordship talkes wondrous current, for your word will go before many a mans bond. *Cal.* It shall run before

any mans bond for a wager. My honorable Lord, how does the great Dutcheess your sister?

Ran. And the good Earl your father?

The Merry Milk-Maids.

father? *Cal.* With the rest of your kindred and acquaintance, that bore the Court before 'em? *Ran.* I hope a man may court his Mistress now, without a patent from your Honor.

Fre. I hope a man may crack your pipkin-Pate, and cut your neck of Mutton into Steaks, If you will not be quiet, ye brace of wicker bottles. *Ran.* Wicker Bottles he calls us wicker bottles.

Fre. And musty ones. *Cal.* And mangy ones too, are we not? *Fre.* Yes, every thing that's scroublesom and stinks you are.

Cal. Ha, ha, prithee laugh at him. *Ran.* I we will laugh at him, but let us go, for the fellow is desperate, and perhaps may beat us; such people fear no law.

Cal. Hang him, he dares not within the confines of the Court.

Ran. I, but we may talk our selves out of the liberties, and then he may beat us without the confines. Yet if he did, 'twere all one to me, for I can endure a beating as well as another man, custom's another Nature: but yet I wud we were gone.

Cal. Why, come, then lets go back again? For my own part, I donnot care for quarrelling, here we may behold, thought my Lord, I have a poon sister I wud preferre to cut your Honors toes.

Ran. And I have a project, if it please your Honor, to set it on foot, it may make a great many of us ride a horseback.

Fre. O that the place were not priviledg'd.

Smirk. I, and the place were not priviledg'd.

Fre. Why? What wudst thou do?

Smirk. Let 'em alone, and laugh at 'em.

Fre. Why, gramercy, *Smirk*, thou hast instructed me. A my conscience I shud now do so.

Smirk. Yet he gave me a bob i'th project.

Fre. Why? Hast thou any thing to do with projects?

Smirk. Yes, I was to prefer one for putting down Pigs i'th Fair time.

Fre. How? Putting down Pigs, prithee let's hear that?

Smirk. Why, a fellow that will undertake to finde the country people, and the people of the Fair, with good repast for three pence a meal:

Fre. How can that be? prithee let's understand?

Smirk. Why sir, a dook will undertake to bake in a pasty four oxen, without Butter corner wife, lamb and Mutton in the middle, all kind of Fowl on each side, with their bills lying out to discover

A pleasant Comedy of

cover their condition, with which he wulbe bound to finde the fair seven days, and give the overplus to the poor.

Fre. This is a very pritty one, and profitable.

Smirk. Then I have another, for the crying of small Beer, from six i'th the morning, till twelve at noon, for all that are *Barnaby.*

Fre. A most necessary one, and had it bin propounded when I was a Lord, it shud have had my countenance.

Smir. Nay, it wud ha gone forward, for a'l your high bloods wud a countenanc'd it, yet it was thought there was a rich Milk-woman wud a crosst it, and have brought it to posslet drink i'th Winter, and whay i'th Summer, and the Apothecaries wud have joy-n'd with her, to have clarified it.

Fre. Not unlikely. But *Smirk*, what is your purpose?

Smirk. To stay till the good time, and take a whipping with as much resolution as a man may take a whipping.

Fre. Then you look for the Last?

Smirk. I donot look for it, because it comes with a back blow, and there is no ward for it, but patience.

Fre. Why thou sayst right, and it is minly done, not to run from, but to meet affliction.

Smirk. I, but when affliction comes like a Fury, with a whip in her hand, 'tis a sore matter. *Exit.*

SCENE 2:

Enter Landoffe in his study, a spirit to him.

Spi. **L**eave with thy potent charms to tear th' elements, and vex the poor inhabitants: here is the Ring transparent as the day, that makes the wearer lost to all sight, and walk invisible to every eye but yours: and when soe're it is your pleasure it shall loose 'tis vertue, toucht but with this herb and it falls in pieces. *Lan.* Thanks my industrious spirit.

Spir. What else is thy command?

Lan. Nought else at this time, but on all occasions thou in a thought be ready to attend. *Spir.* I shall. *Exit.*

Lan. Be gone. *Derilus, Bernard* come forth, all things are at peace.

Enter

The Merry Milk-Maids.

Enter Dorilus and Bernard.

As your hearts shall be ere I part from you, at least forsake you: Behold this little Ring, purer than christal, full of subtiler flame then that which sparks i'th Diamond; of vertue infinite beyond its beauty. With this Ring *Dorilus*, thou shalt free the Princess, at least endeavor; 'tis certainly reported at her Arraignment, as the hour comes on, she shall have none to plead her cause for her, but her supposed Crime laid ope, and urg'd with all the mouth of Law, and so condemn'd: yet thou that ever couldst speak well, without a cause so full of matter and of Truth, shalt hid to all eyes, by vertue of this Ring, become an Orator, and plead for her, and make the Court amaz'd to hear thee speak.

Dor. You amaze me, first to hear you.

Lan. But Ile amaze my Pupil *Bernard* more, when he shall stand by thee, and hear thee talk, yet not have power to see thee: Put on this Ring, now tell me *Bernard*, where is *Dorilus*?

Ber. Into air vanished, or sunk into the earth, for I protest I see no *Dorilus*.

Lan. Call to him, try if he hear thee.

Ber. *Dorilus*, *Dorilus*.

Doril. Why here man, I am here.

Ber. Here: where?

Dor. Why here, close by thee, now

I touch thee.

Ber. This is thy hand.

Doril. Yes.

Ber. It may be foot for any thing that I know, but that now I feel the fingers, thou mayest hold it up at the Bar, and nere be burnt i'th hand, Ile warrant thee.

Doril. Why? I see thee

as plain as I did before, and every thing else.

Ber. But that I have confidence in my Master and his Art, I wud never look to see thee again.

Lan. Look you *Julia* your Mistress, comfort her, and take the work upon you: Ile to my blue coat again, and instantly wait on you.

Ber. All your best wishes. Farest.

Enter Julia

Jul. O Sir, they lye in you, the melancholy, Health to the sick.

Ber. O you speak munnick to

the delivery of my Mistress, my brothers welfare is, which you promised.

Doril. Why sister, I am well: next under heaven I praise this Gentleman.

Jul. That is his voice, where are you brother?

Doril. Here sister, just before you.

Jul. Before me?

Doril. Yes in the very mouth of you, as a man wud say.

Jul. Trust me, I cannot see you.

Doril. Trust me I'm glad

of

A pleasant Comedy of

of it, He talk the bolder, and the louder, they shall hear me.

Ber. This I perceive does somewhat trouble you;

But let it not, it shall be for a good,

Which though it cannot change, may stir your blood.

See they are not in preparation, and people making to behold
the Arraignment. *Exeunt.*

S E N E . 3 .

Enter Ferdinando, Cornelius.

Fer. Fortune is a good huiwife, The plies her wheel well, alas
poor Lady, I pitty her; for a my conscience she is clear
of the fact laid to her. *Cor.* It is the maddest world, the re-

port goes she shud lie with one for a Nosegay.

Ferd. In some things Fame wilbe free I see, in some things
scant; for He assure you 'twas for a Garland.

Cor. Why a Garland let it be, she had bin better won it with
some other dance then the old one: but she has hard measure me
thinks, not to be allowed an advocate; for alas, what can a wo-

man say for her self in such a case? *Fer.* Dost thou think an ad-

ocate can handle it better? *Cor.* Yes, if he have a feeling
of the business. *Fer.* Away Traytor.

Enter the Duke, Judges, Raymond, with others, the form of a Court.

Judge. Bring forth the prisoner, place her at the Bar.

Enter Dorigene plac'd at the Bar.

Judge. Read the Inditement.

Clark. Dorigene Ebroisienne daughter to Guido Ebroisten, in the
Province of Myffen Gentleman; and by the grace and favor of
our Sovereign Lord Duke of Saxonie, made Duchies, attainted of
high Treason, by committing Adultery with one Domilus Truchess,
a private Gentleman of the same Province of Myffen, who by
good and sufficient witness (beside her own shameless confes-
sion to the Duke himself) is here justly accused, and indited of the
fact; yet the Duke out of his most gracious clemency, desirous
of a direct and lawful proceeding, admitteth the said Dorigene
daughter to the aforesaid Guido—to answer for her self, and
witheth with all his soul (such is his infinite affection to her, that
she

Between the Duke and the Lady.

She could clear her self of the crime. So Heaven and the Justices
of her cause defend her!

1. *Judge.* Speak Lady, free and fearless, what can you say?
Dor. Nothing but that I do desire to die; for it is sin enough
that the Duke thinks I am guilty of the fact, and all the Clemency
that you can shew me, or I do desire, is to condemn me quickly.

Ray. That I must speak it grieves me in a cause, which I could
with never had Presidents, as it hath had too often; alas that I
who do bleed inward, to behold this woman slain by a sin equal
to Lucifer. From her clear Heaven where she stood a star,
moving in his armes as her proper Orb, that I should see this wo-
man as I say, who had she bin a fixed one, had never shot from
her sphere, but as an exhalation, drawn by the attractive vertue
of the Sun, appears a glorious star yet wanting matter to
maintain his lustre, shoots forth his flame: and drops from whence
it came unto a Dunghill, so was this woman rais'd, and so she felt
that so much Beauty which was given for Honor, and did ad-
vance her to it, should cause shame; who can tell whether this be
the first man that she hath find withal; since usually many faults
are committed ere one found; she promised the fellow of her
lust, upon condition to make that, and what was it? a Gar-
land; a Garland of all flowers; of what effect who knows; or
to what purpose, both being as certain as the thing is itself; how
dr from whence it came, nay more then this; she was so impudent
to tell the Duke, and tell him she had sworn, which she anno-
dests; and most professed Scrumper never wud know name of
shame is to be given this woman, that wud thus lewdly suffer the
wild tongue, proclaim performance of so vild a deed; & un-
d him she knew did love her so, she might perhaps by her beauty and her
reates, or both together stir compassion in many here, and in the
Duke himself, but when her crime shall be remembered, I am sure
so beyond mercy being done unto a Prince, and such a Prince
he is, what can I less inspire me with powers? That thought me
worthy of authority then without pity to condemn this woman.
1. *Judge.* The case is too apparent. *Ray.* Is it not grave Father?
1. *Judge.* Yes indeed it is, I was almost asleep. *Ray.* I was
1. *Judge.* Yes I am do know, all ye that know, the Law, who pat-
doneth the offender, doth commit an offence equal with him

And pleasant Comedy of

that doth punish, the harmless innocent then she must dye; I grieve to speak and am so charitable, to wish that her reproach may die with her.

Duke. I thank thee for the last speech, it was well. Or that she now sud speak and elect her self. But proceed, give sentence, if she stay long, and I stand by a witness of her tears, I shall weep herself guiltless and innocent, therefore go on.

Doris. Stay. *Duke.* Whose that? *Judge.* I know not.

Doris. Whence come that voice? *Co.* Out of the clouds I think, for no man dares own it.

Duke. Go forward and give sentence. *Doris.* Stay I say.

Judge. It spoke again. *Judge.* It came by my Eare.

For. The Court is troubl'd. *Doris.* Hear me ye Ministers of Justice, and thou Patron of it and Truth, that comes to you for succour, and for safety. *Duke.* Keep your places, for let it be the Devil I will hear him, and hearing shall determine whether he be a spirit of Truth or Lies.

Doris. The All-preserver that guards innocence, and often lets it pine, but never perish, can raise a voice from stones, or trees, or windes, to plead the cause that needs no Eloquence. What hath this Lady done that here you bring her unto a Bar of shame? If its for being vertuous, because she hath bin constant to her Lord: but some have cal'd her chastity in question that never had a spark in their own breasts, and have possess the Duke from his own thoughts, that she must needs be bad because they are so. Has every woman so much wit to hide that fault especially? and had not she, who is the mirror of her sex for that, more then for Beauty? But she told the Duke she had offended in an idle promise, and that's objected to her for a crime; a piece of impudence unparalleled. When had she meant to have wrong'd her Royal Lord, she wud have lockt the secret in her heart, and set her face with smiles, beaten with kisses suspicion from his bosome; but she discovered the gift, the giver, and the vow that brought it. Who ist not knowes, dishonesty consisteth in the deed done, not in the spoken word. And the imagining the deed in which she employeth the doer, never to be done, and so the wickedness. Let me not be thought tedious nor be offensive, if I bring to punde the meeting of those two, how she revealed,

that

that you great Duke consented to the fact, encourag'd her unto it, and led her on, if she had bin a villain to her death. But he looking on her, and seeing in her eyes, the image of fair vertue how it wept, give back her vows, and freed her from his heart, in that shape first she stood, but again plac'd her as his most royal Mistress, and your wife.

Duke. Excellent voice go on, for I could stand a tedious winter but to hear thee talk.

Cor. So could not I without a rug Gown.

Devil. It hath bin still a Maxim, she's not chaste that hath not bin attempted, but she who hath stood temptation, and resisted. Gold is the purer for being try'd; and Vertue put in ad, appears more glorious, when it hath wrought it self out of those troubles which would stifle it. Heaven was assaulted by the Giants once, which shew'd *Joves* power the greater: the pensive soul fighting with sin, the devil, and with death, after the victory triumphs and sings eternally amongst the blessed Angels, crown'd with perpetual peace and happiness. But she for being vertuous must die, for conquering her Affections, for loving sincerely and effectually, her Lord; for having not the cunning to dissemble, but for being simple, chaste, and innocent, just, noble, beauteous, excellent in all, save what no common woman wud have mist. For this, and for this onely she must die.

Duke. No, she must live, and all the world must die to me, before a hair of her shall perish. O I have wrong'd thy goodness, now I see't, who was before made blind with jealousy, the heavens take thy part, and cannot suffer so much of worthiness to fall at once, lest nothing here but wickedness abound.

Ray. Sir, will you hear me?

Duke. Away, I will hear nothing but her Angels voice, and that which spoke for her, which was no less, it held such musick in it, beside Truth. Wipe from thine eyes those tears; let Messengers be sent to finde the Earl my father forth, and bring him back to the Court, there to receive of us his Dignities and Favors trebled; I am new fram'd again. Afflictions mee, And mingling with our joys, make them more sweet. *Exit.*

Cal. I do not like this.

Ray. Nor I.

A pleasant Comedy of the

Br. Fair one, pray stay, your brother wud speak with you.
Jul. Sir, you may command me, and for his sake, to th' ut-
 most of my power, I am bound to you. O my dear brother, how
 you joy my soul to see you up again, in health, and lusty?

Doct. Place your thanks here kinde sister, for to his skill, next
 under Heaven, it must be attributed.

Jul. I do know it brother, and do thank him, heartily thank
 him, and the Dutchess shall, that owes him equally as much as
 we, thank him a better way.

Br. No Lady, your thanks pays me really, and I will never
 look for better pay, nor take, then comes from you; pray look
 upon me, and see if you can fasten your affection upon a man so
 unworthy as my self.

Jul. Sir, you are worthy of a better
 choice, but let me for your own sake thus advise you: If you
 have entertain'd any such thought, (as I hope you are wiser) to
 part with it, for trust me, this poor heart I carry here, is not
 mine own; I do but walk with it, and keep it for another: pray
 no more, Sir. Brother farewell, I shall be wanting to the Dut-
 chess.

Exit Br. *Lan.* Lost it, it cannot be.

Doct. Now talking with you, plucking off this Glove, it fell
 out of my hand.

Lan. Seek good Sir.

Enter Fred.

Fred. And do we see the golden days again? Does honor
 once more court us? then look up. Look up my friends I say,
 and see your Lord double and treble gilt; his happiness hatcht
 and in-laid, not to be worn out with Time. What do you look
 for?

Lan. A Jewel we have lost.

Fred. A Jewel, let it be hang'd. He give you every one Jew-
 els a piece shall over-value it; there's not a friend I have, but
 shall have stones,

As fair and weighty as the Turk hath any.

And Concubines like him, though not so many.

Ye shall good Doctor, thou art so melancholy.

Lan. Come, let it alone.

Doct. How? let it alone?

Lan. Yes, for lost it cannot be, if any finde it, when I am
 pleas'd to have it, I will send a messenger to fetch it with a ven-
 geance. Prithee forbear, and let us hear my Lord.

Fred. Gentlemen, what will ye do? Will ye come to Court,
 and be grac't by me, will you be Knights or Officers, Gentle-

men-

the merry Wives of Windsor

men-ushers, or of the Bed-chamber? Speak what you'll be whilst I am'th giving vein, and you are so.

Lan. Wee'l wait on you to-morrow, my good Lord.

Fre. You Blue-bottle Basket-hilt, I talk not to you,

And th'other two are stupid, now I think on't:

Dorilus, you were best leave the Court; a man

Suspected once, is very seldom found,

In his heart that suspects him to be sound:

There ye have a touch of my Policy, farewell.

Doril. Farewel my Lord. *Fre.* Think on't.

*Passing by, spies
the Ring.*

Doril. He warrant you.

Fre. What's this? A Ring: that is't and trust me, a ve y pleasing one unto the eye, some Lady lost it, for whose sake Ile wear it, until I finde a challenger, it may be 'twas lost a purpose, and here dropt for me.

Exeunt.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick.

Fre. **A**M I mad or drunk, or the people both? and blind too I think; for let me come up to them never so near, talk never so loud, gripe them never so hard, they see me not stare and gape, as if I were in the air, and ask, where are you? If we were out of favor, I should never wonder at it, but being restor'd, and in greater grace than ever, it somewhat troubles me: zfoot, and a Lord cannot be acknowledged, what will become of poor Gentlemen. Here come a couple, and sober as I take in, Ile try if they have not lost their eye-sight.

Enter Ferdinando and Cornelius.

Cor. But that you justify it so vehemently, I shud not believe'd it: Lost again! *Fer.* Again, and sent to prison, her father banish'd the Court again, and all his Honors took again from him, and from's son, and all's again as it was, and if not worse.

Fer. Nay then my admiration's at an end. I remember no body wud know me last time. But these are a couple of honest fellowes, and yet they serve a Lord; if any body have use of their eyes, these will. By your leave Gentlemen, did you see the

A pleasant Comedy of

the young Lord Frederick? *Cor.* Where's he that askt that question? *Fer.* Zfoot I cannot see him, yet heard him plain.

Cor. The invisible voice is come again. *Fer.* I believe so.

Fre. People are blind, that's certain—look how they stare—I donnot think there was ever any such thing in the world as an eye, a seeing eye; I know Taylors Needles have eyes, and Cheeses, but a discerning eye, that's the eye I wud encounter with.

Enter Callow and Ranoff.

Cal. It did me more good then my dinner, I protest, to see her transported to prison again. *Ran.* And so it did me I protest, for her brothers sake my Lord Frederick Fadoudle.

Cal. I wonder he is not taken yet, he'l Fadoudle at the Gallows I believe, when so'ere he is, for I told the Duke what a fancy Companion he was. *Fre.* I will requite your kindness instantly.

Cal. How now, what's that? *Fre.* Will you two Coxcombs never be uncoupled? *Ran.* Who was that my Lord?

Cal. Nay, I know not. *Fre.* Who was that then? *Cal.* Who was that said, Who was that?

Fre. Marry it was I Sir. *Cal.* You, who are you?

Fre. One that'll bestow a little pains with you.

Ran. Pray knock there no more my friend, that's the back gate, you'r best go about. *Fre.* I will do so, and wipe your Noses for you. *Ran.* I'd rather you wud let it alone, unless you had a finer Handkercher.

Cal. 'Tis the spirit of some Porter, and wipes her with his frock. *Ran.* Soons He not indure this: He draw first.

Cal. And so will I. Why do you not draw?

Cal. Hark, the voice askt why we do not draw. *Ran.* I heard it, but He be hanged before He draw for that trick.

Cal. And so will I too—Se yonders a company of Gentlemen, lets flie to them for succour: are you walking?

Cor. Yes Sir. *Cal.* Wee'd be glad of your company.

Ran. Here's an invisible voice follows us in the likenels of I know not what. *Cal.* And plays upon us like a Flute backward, and forward.

Fer. We heard a voice indeed, but felt no touch of any thing. *Cal.* No, it may be you are valliant, and wud strike again, but we are tender hearted, and cent to one,

but it knowes as much. *Cor.* Why if you'l walk our way, we will

The Merry Milk-Maid.

will guard you. *Cal.* Yes sir, your way is ours now how ever:

Fro. Well I am lost I see, there's no hope that ever I shall be seen again of mortals; I walk i'th clouds; but that the other two before these, and before them others, could not perceive me, I should think I had with beating made the last pair cast a mist before their own eyes, Jubia and my Lord of mischief with his two Faces Winter and Summer.

Enter Raymond and Julia.

Ray. Sweet Julia kiss me. *Fro.* Ah you old whore-master is the sign in *Scorpio* with you?

Ray. Thou seest my power, how with a breath I turn, and wind the Duke any way I please, in spite of all those words wasted in air, I pluckt the Dutchess from his arms again, the only star of Court, more then a Dutchess, which is to be my Mistress.

Fro. Say you so, Ile Master you anon.

Ray. Prithee look up and smile upon me. *Jul.* Pray away.

Ray. Come I have words sufficient, nor wil any longer be kept off thus weary of delay, I mean to work you.

Jul. Lay off your wicked hands. Adders and Scorpions shall as soon imbrace me, shall my dear Mistress that equal laments my adverse Fate, which bears it not above it. And in her tears lies bath'd, breaking her sighs into as many pieces, as if she striv'd to number up her sins, which are no more, then will make truth appear that she must sin, and shall I throw away all thought of her, that altogether thinks of Heaven and me, whom hourly she solicites and attends, and calls me along with her in her Prayers, shall I forget this Lady, and to lust prostrate my self to him that workes her ruine? First, may Heaven point me out his mark for vengeance, and I unable to avoy'd the stroak, be rent and torn as Thunder doth an Oak.

Ray. Stay—you are too wilful. *Jul.* Is that all?

Ray. Hear me—I will speak what shalbe liking to thee. Prithee come back; so well I do perceive thou lov'st the Dutchess, that her affliction's thine. *Jul.* They are.

Ray. Canst thou cast off grief with her releasement? If I shall bring her sound unto the Duke, in every circumstance, and fix her sure: nay set her one stair higher then she was, and make him honor what before he admir'd. Wilt thou then make a passage

A Pleasant Comedy of

sage for my love, and open me a way into thy heart? *Jul.* I will.

Ray. Wilt thou give me a kiss upon the premises?

Fre. He give you a kiss anon, in your good father the devils name.

Ray. I hold heaven in my arms, and all the joys: wilt thou be just to me? *Jul.* As you are unto me; for if you prove the Master of your word, I will be over mine the Mistress, and though it be a Jewel I esteem, I never saw how I could part with it better.

Ray. Another kiss, and go and promise unto all thy friends, and to the Duchess self, her liberty.

Fre. You are a villain: *Ray.* Ha.

Fre. You are damn'd: *Ray.* What voice is that?

Jul. I heard none. *Fre.* I will cut your throat.

Ray. Cut my throat? *Fre.* I, your Weason pipe, your Gullet, this ungodly Gullet.

Ray. Swoons it pinche me by the throat.

Fre. Your best crie out murder.

Ray. This is another voice allied to that which pleaded for the Duchess, but not the same, and it is meerly witchcraft. I fear thee not devil, or devils mate, friend or acquaintance.

Jul. Who do you talk to?

Ray. A scurvy voice, I know not, nor do care for, yet it troubles me, I cannot see the thing that sets it going. Be you careful and constant. In the afternoon come to my lodging, I will have the Duke there, and you shalbe a witness of my working, and of the subtil projects I have laid, to execute your wishes, till then farewell. *Jul.* Farewel.

Ray. A pox upon thee what so ere thou art.

Fre. I will come home. *Ray.* Shew thy self and be the

Prince of Devils, Ile not fear thee. *Fre.* No, the great Devil and you are all one, which shewes I am no Devil; for if I were, I durst not thus abuse thee.

Fre. A pleasant fellow Sir, and one of the noble Science, for look you Sir, there's a Venie. *Ray.* O, swoons he has stabd me.

Fre. No Sir, no, I am a blunt fellow, and so my weapon; nay I wonnot leave you thus: *Exit after Ray.*

Devil. Here's my sister, but very sad me thinks: how now *Jul.* Why so disconsolate? *Jul.* O brother we are undone:

all's

the merry Milk-maids.

all's out of joynt again as much, or rather more then ever:

Doril. How? *Jul.* The Duke's in an old fit, and the poor Princess clapt up close prisoner, look to your self, or you are lost:

Doril. Be it so; for life is wearisom sister, do you love me.

Jul. Why wud you ask a question so frivolous?

Doril. Do you? *Jul.* You know I do.

Doril. Shew it then; for till you satisfie me in my request, I shall make doubt of it. *Jul.* Pray speak it.

Doril. Here's a Gentleman to whom I owe more then my parents gave me, more then if fortune shud look up and smile, prove a prodigal in favors to me; and I shud live to take 'em with this hand, and with this, pay it as due tribute unto him: see how he languishes, can take no rest, no food, but thoughts which nourish him, and sighs again for you, drinks his own tears, and weeps them forth again, yet does not call you cruel, pray speak to him. *Jul.* Why alas Brother, I did tell this man how hopelefs I was, pray'd him to desist, and make some better choice. *Ber.* You did Lady, but I must die first.

Jul. Why if you be so desperate a lover, that you will die for me, think me the like, that I can die as well for him I love.

Ber. You were good company to go to heaven with.

Lan. I, but if either of you go that way, you take an ill course in your journey. *Doril.* Have you then plac'd your heart on any man? *Jul.* Yes believe me, though I have made no noise with sighs, able to blow up mountaines.

Doril. What is he? *Jul.* One that you prais'd your self into my heart, although his youth and feature need no Orator.

Doril. I prays'd! *Julia* you wrong me.

Jul. By *Cupids* self I donnor. *Doril.* Name him.

Jul. 'Tis an unreasonable request in you, but yet to shew I am not asham'd of him, it is yong *Bernard*. *Ber.* Who Lady? pray speak that name again. *Jul.* Yong *Bernard*.

Ber. *Bernard la Vere*.

Jul. The same. *Pulls off his disguis'd Hair.*

Bernard. I thank you: *Doril.* Nay Sister, once you are catcht. *Lan.* But in no worse trap then her Lovers arms.

Ber. Nor shall you ever be asham'd of him; nor yet repent you, for he will love as faithfully as you, and live and die with

H

you

A pleasant Comedy of

sage for my love, and open me a way into thy heart? *Jul.* I will.

Ray. Wilt thou give me a kiss upon the premises?

Fre. He give you a kiss anon, in your good father the devils name. *Ray.* I hold heaven in my arms, and all the joys: wilt thou be just to me?

Jul. As you are unto me; for if you prove the Master of your word, I will be over mine the Mistress, and though it be a Jewel I esteem, I never saw how I could part with it better. *Ray.* Another kiss, and go and promise unto

all thy friends, and to the Duchess self, her liberty.

Fre. You are a villain: *Ray.* Ha.

Fre. You are damn'd. *Ray.* What voice is that?

Jul. I heard none. *Fre.* I will cut your throat.

Ray. Cut my throat? *Fre.* I, your Weason pipe, your Gullet, this ungodly Gullet.

Ray. Swoons it pinch me by the throat.

Fre. Your best crie out murder.

Ray. This is another voice allied to that which pleaded for the Duchess, but not the same, and it is meely witchcraft. I fear thee not devil, or devils mate, friend or acquaintance.

Jul. Who do you talk to?

Ray. A scurvy voice, I know not, nor do care for, an yet it troubles me, I cannot see the thing that sets it going. Be you careful and constant. In the afternoon come to my lodging, I will have the Duke there, and you shalbe a witness of my working, and of the subtil projects I have laid, to execute your wishes, till then farewell. *Jul.* Farewel.

Ray. A pox upon thee what so ere thou art. I will.

Fre. I will come home. *Ray.* Shew thy self and be the

Prince of Devils, He not fear thee. *Fre.* No, the great Devil and you are all one, which shewes I am no Devil; for if I were, I durst not thus abuse thee. *Ray.* What art?

Fre. A pleasant fellow Sir, and one of the noble Science, for look you Sir, there's a Venie. *Ray.* O, swoons he has stabd me.

Fre. No Sir, no, I am a blunt fellow, and so my weapon; nay I wonnot leave you thus: *Exit after Ray.*

Devil. Here's my sister, but very sad me thinks: how now *Jul.* Why so disconsolate?

Jul. O brother we are undone: all's

the merry Milk-maids.

all's out of joynt again as much, or rather more then ever:

Doril. How? *Iul.* The Duke's in an old fit, and the poor Princess clapt up close prisoner, look to your self, or you are lost:

Doril. Be it so; for life is wearisom sister, do you love me.

Iul. Why wud you ask a question so frivolous?

Doril. Do you? *Iul.* You know I do.

Doril. Shew it then; for till you satisfie me in my request, I shall make doubt of it. *Iul.* Pray speak it.

Doril. Here's a Gentleman to whom I owe more then my parents gave me, more then if fortune shud look up and smile, prove a prodigal in favors to me; and I shud live to take 'em with this hand, and with this, pay it as due tribute unto him: see how he languishes, can take no rest, no food, but thoughts which nourish him, and sighs again for you, drinks his own tears, and weeps them forth again, yet does not call you cruel; pray speak to him. *Iul.* Why alas Brother, I did tell this man how hopeless I was, pray'd him to desist, and make some better choice.

Ber. You did Lady, but I must die first.

Iul. Why if you be so desperate a lover, that you will die for me, think me the like, that I can die as well for him I love.

Ber. You were good company to go to heaven with.

Lan. I, but if either of you go that way, you take an ill course in your journey. *Doril.* Have you then plac'd your heart on any man?

Iul. Yes believe me, though I have made no noise with sighs, able to blow up mountaines.

Doril. What is he? *Iul.* One that you prais'd your self into my heart, although his youth and feature need no Orator.

Doril. I prays'd! *Iulia* you wrong me.

Iul. By *Cupids* self I donnor. *Doril.* Name him.

Iul. 'Tis an unreasonable request in you, but yet to shew I am not asham'd of him, it is yong *Bernard*. *Ber.* Who Lady? pray speak that name again. *Iul.* Yong *Bernard*.

Ber. *Bernard la Vere*.

Iul. The same. *Pulls off his disguis'd Hair.*

Bernard. I thank you. *Doril.* Nay Sister, once you are catcht. *Lan.* But in no worse trap then her Lovers arms.

Ber. Nor shall you ever be asham'd of him; nor yet repent you, for he will love as faithfully as you, and live and die with

H

you

A pleasant Comedy of

you. *Jul.* There is no giving back, welcome my Love, and in a time that I did wish for thee; yet I shall startle *aside* you, and try your temper; for since I have found a way how to enfranchise my poor afflicted Mistress, Ile be pleasant.

Ber. I never thought before, a man might be in heaven and not know it, as to have a dwelling in your heart and be ignorant of the bliss, is little less.

Jul. O but my *Bernard*, we do never meet with any happiness, but some kinde of mischief mingles still with it, yet tis more or less, as you shall make of it, if you might take me now: Why, I were worth your love, for I am yet, (I did not lye much, if I said a Virgin) but without blushing I dare say a Maid.

Ber. It is not to be doubted.

Jul. But it is to be lost.

Lan. That is not to be doubted neither. *Jul.* But not on him, for so it is not lost, to deal directly with you, I cannot bring that thing call'd Maiden-head, for it is promis'd; and if you cannot love me without that, deal plainly then with me, as I wish you, and I will look out for another man: another handsome man, a Citizen, that shall make much of me, and not a whit love me the worse for want of such a trifle.

Ber. I know sweet *Julia*, you were ever merry, and not beyond a Maidens modesty. But this is very strange.

Enter Frederick.

Fre. But not so strange as true, I am a witness of it, she has given away her Maiden-head to the devil, for an old whore-master is little better.

Doril. That is *Fredericks* voice.

Fre. But as she said, tis but a trifle: a cold Comodity a man may buy at some time of the year like Cucumbers, at any time for a small Ring, a Purse, or a pair of Gloves, for so your country wenches part with them, your City for an Apple.

Lan. There's none of you see him. *Doril.* Not I.

Lan. He has found the Ring. *Doril.* Very likely.

Lan. Nay most certain, and let him keep it, for being ignorant in the vertue of it, it may be some sport to us to hear him chafe, being lost to all mankind.

Fre. Doctor, thou drop'st.

Ber. The devil, what art thou? I see thee not.

Fre. No more, thou shalt see him that does cuckold thee.

Lan. That's true, whilst he enjoys the invisible Ring.

Jul. O you are a stout Lover to be dejected thus, for such a

The merry Mill-Maids.

vanity as a Maiden-head is, you'd ill endure to have your Wife run away with another man two or three year together, and afterward brought home, and again accepted with Suppers and with Trumpets.

Lan. A plaguy smart wench.

Int. But since it is so estimate a Jewel, come my *Bernard*, we'll not part with it, but lay our heads together | *going out, he calls* how to preserve it.

Fre. Why, but do you hear, shall I be lost thus? Will none of you acknowledge me, *Inlin*, *Dr. Dorilus*?

Doril. *Frederick* by the voice. *Fre.* And *Frederick* by flesh and blood, as good as any man or woman wud desire, feel me else.

Doril. I do feel a hand.

Fre. And yet perceive nobody?

Doril. Right.

Fre. Right, but by

your leave all is not right; either your eyes are drawn aside, or my body is taken asunder, and nothing left certain of me but a hand and a voice: mas here comes *Smirk*, Ile try the strength of his eye-sight.

Lan. I beseech you stay, here is a promise of some mirth.

Enter Smirk with severall Pots of Colours.

Fre. *Smirk*, well met. *Smir.* Not so my friend, well overtaken you may say, but I am in haste, therefore farewell. What are there rubs in the air? 'tis some little Dandiprat that I overrun, and ten to one he has broke his Nose against my Pipkin. Where art thou?

Fre. Here.

Smirk. Here, where

is that here? *Fre.* What has he got crow there? painting: that it is, since you know me not, Ile bestow a little pains to picture you, that the best friend you have, shall hardly take acquaintance of you.

Smirk. A pox of these Flies, they'll never leave sweet Mutton; but my friend, my friend, he's gone poor fellow again.

Fre. 'Tis strange you know not me.

Smirk. I shud know that voice. *Fre.* You shud do so, if you wud call your self to minde.

Smirk. My young master *Frederick* and quondam Lord, where are you?

Fre. Here

man, here. *Smirk.* Something plays with my Nose, I believe 'tis my whisking Muschatus, now I am come i'th' wind.

Fre. What dost thou do with this painting, *Smirk*?

Smirk. Marry I mean to live by it, and purpose to set up my old Trade again.

Fre. Thy old Trade, what's that?

Smirk. Why a Stainer, I have hir'd a shop not far from Coare,

A pleasant Comedy of

and I have painted the most horrible things, that many men knows not what to make of them: I drew *Hercules* a great while ago in the likeness of a man, and now every one says he looks like a lyon. Then I drew *Atleon* hunted with his own dogs, and they say tis like a Citizen pursu'd with Sergeantes.

Fre. Why, but canst thou draw any thing into proportion?

Smirk. Can I draw any thing into proportion; why, I will presently draw you backward or forward, a limb, 'twud do you good to behold it.

Fre. And thou be't so good a Work-man, thou shalt draw my Picture.

Smirk. I wud be glad to see your face fir, if it please you to come of the Cloud.

Fre. Well *Smirk*, pray for me, I am a man, but in this world I have small store of money, and therefore cannot reward thee as I wud, but hold thee, give me chy hand, I can see to take thee by it, there's a Ring, 'twill yield thee somevwhat.

Smirk. I thank you fir, it vwill serve to exchange for a Corral for my son and heir, vvhen I have him.

Lan. Novv step out altogether, and salure him. *All.* Good Seignior, you are vvelcome to the light.

Fre. To the light: vvhy, do you perceive me novv?

Deril. As plain as the earth vve tread on.

Fre. Where's *Smirk*?

Smi. Here I am, Sir.

Fre. Where? come near me: O the Ring, the Ring, give me my Ring again, I finde the vertue.

Smi. Nay soft, so play fools, nothing is surer then gift.

Fre. Come near me, that I may touch thee.

Smi. I know vvhat the Proverb says, touch me and take me, and therefore I vwill keep aloft: Zfoot he is stricken purblind, he gropes like a young Novice, the contrary vvay. What, are these blinde too?

Fre. Good Gentlemen help me to lay hold of him.

Lan. Lay hold of vvhom?

Fre. Of *Smirk*.

Land. *Smirk*, why he is gone?

Fre. No, he is here, I smell the oylly Rascal.

Smirk. They are all blind, or else I walk invisable, Ile try that presently.

Kisses Julia. *Jul.* How now?

Smirk. Nothing but a Flesh-flie, forsooth lighted upon your lips, the place is full of 'em— Somebody has sprinkled invisable Virgins water upon me, for I do go insensible. Here comes the two Eggs, I shall go neer to crack their Crowns, for the last

the merry Milk-Maids.

abuse, but walking as I do, I will finde out a better revenge.

Enter Callow and Ranoff.

Cal. Sirrah I think it was much hereabout that we met with the talking voice that kickt us?

Ran. 'Twas indeeds how will

Smirk. I wud kick you again, but that I have Corns on my Toes, I will onely penell you now. And because you have so

much knavery, and want colour for't, I will begin with Orange tawny.

Call. What was that?

Ran. What.

Call. Something crost my Nose.

Ran. A Dore, a Dore, the fields are full of them.

Smirk. I'll give you the Dore too.

Ran. There was another wip't me in the same place.

Smirk. Cause you are a Knight, you shall bear a Crofs.

Ran. How now? Zfoot I think some Bird has wraid in my eye.

Call. No 'tis nothing but the dew falls I think. A Pox on't, I am paid again.

Ran. There are some gadflies sure abroad, lets make away.

Another wipe first.

Call. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Why do you laugh my Lord? Ha, ha, ha.

Smirk. Nay, Ile put in too for my ha, ha, ha, ha. This is a three mans laughter.

Cal. But why do you laugh my Lord? Ha, ha.

Ran. Ha, ha, pray why do you laugh my Lord.

Call. For nothing, for nothing, come prithee lets go.

Ran. I pray lets go, ha, ha.

Smirk. I am glad I have made you merry.

Fre. Where art thou? So dear I love thee for this piece of

knavery, that I could kiss thee, prithee let me kiss thee.

Smirk. No, no, kissing, I do bristle too much.

Fre. Ile give thee another Ring.

Smirk. No, no, no more rings I shall think my self an Alderman, and grow proud then,

Lan. Come let him alone with it.

Smirk. If you know any Lady that deales in complexion, you may do me a kindness to acquaint her that

Smirk. the Serving-man is turn'd a Painter.

SCENE 3.

Enter Frederick, Cornelius and Carolus.

Cor. How now Carolus, how do's my Lord?

Car. Troth feur vily, as a Lord may do in his case.

Fre.

A pleasant Comedie of

Fer. Why, how i't man? *Car.* Wicked, wicked, extreme wicked, he cannot say his Prayers.

Fer. Why, is he speechless? *Cor.* What a Pox is that to the purpose, has he made his will?

Car. Yes, and in his will he doth will and command that you two shall be whipt, and that he has bequeathed you for your legacy.

Cor. Let him bestow it upon his friends, we can live without it.

Fer. But prithee firrah, tell us the manner of his sickness, which was wondrous strange and sudden.

Car. Why how should I know more then you? I am none of his Physician.

Cor. They say, but be it spoken in private, that a Rat haunts him, is it so? Thou canst tell.

Fer. A Rat, a pox of a Rat, Zdbloud I heard otherwise.

Cor. Well, lets hear. What hast thou heard?

Fer. Marry Sir that the Neopolitan Canker has searcht into his bones, and he lies buried in Ulcers, stinks so that without perfumes, no body is able to abide him. But mum, mum, not a word of this I speak, it is amongst fellows and friends.

Car. 'Tis well you do so, for otherwise your legacies wud be bestow'd upon you; a yard or two of whipcord is no great cost, and the executors wud go to the charge, Zbloud what Rascalls are you to utter this, you are the inventers of it?

Fer. Nor I by this hand, I heard mine at my Barbers.

Cor. And I heard mine at the Apothecaries.

Car. Why here's the misery of great men, they cannot scape the flanders of their slaves! Look you yonder goes one of the Doctors, you were best, (to be better satisfied) inquire of him.

Fer. Nor I, I love not to be inquisitive.

Enter a Doctor.

Doct. Wher'es any of my Lords Gentlemen there?

Cor. Here's a Leash of us Sir.

Doct. One of you must instantly take horse, and ride to Doctor Lopez, and bring him hither with all speed that may be; his counsel is wanting, and it concerns your Lords life, therefore make haste, and tell him so soon. Tell him the Duke will else be here before him; from whom, if so it happen, he will receive a check.

Car. We shall Sir, we shall.

Fer. The Duke, why is the Duke sent for?

Car. Yes, and has sent word he will be here immediately.

Fer.

the merry Milk-Maids.

Cor. Byr Lady Sir, then 'tis to be thought the dangers more
then every Ague brings, and 't will go hard with him.

Car. Why make not you more haste then to the Doctors?

Fer. I make more haste, why do's not he or you?

Car. I, why I was not bidden.

Fer. Nor I *Car.* Why, nor I, more particular then you.

Fer. But you must go that answered?

Car. Why you may go as well as I that answered.

Fer. By this Air not I. *Car.* By this Earth not I.

Cor. By this Air, Earth, Fire and Water too not I; zbloud I
get no more then you, and why shud I then?

Car. This is
very well, suppose my Lord for want of this same Doctor now
shall die.

Cor. Why, what can I help it.

Car. Why
you may by fetching him.

Cor. And so may you.

Car. And so may he.

Fer. And so may you.

Car. I care
not, nay do as you please.

Fer. Why, nor I neither.

A Bed thrust out, Enter Lady, the old Lord, some other

Ladies and Aliens.

Cor. Zfoot he shifts his Room, Ile not be seen.

Fer. Byr Lady Sir, nor I.

Ray. Who went for Lopez?

Car. Ferdinand, my Lord.

Ray. Is he not come yet?

Car. No my Lord, nor gone yet I believe.

Ray. Oh, my blood boyls, as if the Sun had darr'd all his
beams into my entrails. Short shot my soul, and like a Shaft
shot by great Hercules, flie till thou breakst, or else strike through
the body of the Sun, and fix thy self in Heaven a brighter Star.
What shall I do? is there no power in Physick? Swoons are
you dumb? Doctors can you not talk, though you do nothing
else?

Dott. Alas my Lord, we know not what to say!

Ray. Why then you might a said, what you can say, that you
know nothing, but your own priviledge, to kill unpunish'd; yet
are you apt when Nature works her self, to assume it yours. O
my torment, when wilt thou cease? get you gone; impostures
as you are, and cozen people that have faith in you; for I have
found no Art, but Voice among you.

Cor. Away Physicians,
go; my Lord thinks ye are fools, and so do I: therefore be gone,
be gone.

Ray. Is not the Duke come yet?

Car. No good my Lord; but here are the Divines.

Ray.

A pleasant Comedy of

Ray. They are very welcome. *Bishops.* How does your Lordship? *Ray.* Wondrous well satisfied in any point touching my salvation: onely one burden on my conscience lies, for the Duke himself to take away. *Enter Duke.*

Car. The Duke is come. *Ray.* Then all the rest I pray depart the room. *Duke.* How is it man?

Ray. Cheerful, wondrous cheerful, all this whole day I felt not such a minute. *Duke.* Be comforted good *Raymond*, me thinks I see another age of life yet shine in thee, your eye is quick and sprightly, death doth not shew himself in any part.

Ray. Your Grace is a good comforter, and your sight blowes up this spark of life to such a light, which is but as a twinckling before death. Therefore I do beseech your Majesty, as in this life and after death you'll stand in history to the last hour of time, a just religious Prince to which I know, in your own inclination you aspire, even for the Dukedoms peace, O—your pardon: my breath I find will fail me—your pardon Duke. And quickly speak it; or I shall not hear you.

Duke. What shall I pardon? Good *Raymond* speak, I gather by thy speech thou wouldst unfold something of consequence; you must not part thus with me, therefore good *Raymond* speak, borrow a little time of death, and I will pay it back out of my life: dear *Raymond* do not leave me thus unsatisfied, for if you do, I'll follow you to learn it. *Ray.* O I have wrong'd you.

Duke. Never, never good *Raymond*.

Ray. By that strong power which raises me I have, and lends me breath to utter it; and this Lady, where is she, and the Princess of all ye, for when you first began your jealousy upon a small presumption, I as apt, and suddain as your self in fear to finde, the issue of a Prince which Heaven advert, so basely bastardize, held up your thought, told you of former and familiar tricks, in the like nature I had seen between them, which I protest was then out of my care, that such a thing might be, rather then any crime, that ever I knew she was guilty of, send for her therefore, and condemn your rash false suppositions, and pardon mine, that grew but out of yours, but once being grown, it spread into more branches then your own.

Duke. What is thy purpose? *Ray.* Religious as the Churches,

the merry Milk-Maids.

Churches, which is to clear all doubts and present Truth, in her own Garments, to protect innocence, and from her white hand lift her out of slanders.

Duke. By which you wud infer my Dutchess's honest.

Ray. By all the best hopes of a dying man, this being a time not to jest breath away, there does not live this day in Christendom, a Queen; nor any woman through the world, more truly vertuous; and as I speak truth, so may I fail or finde it.

Duke. Whether my joys are sensual or immortal I cannot say, but surely I do feel, and stand on such a change, as if my soul were melted into bloud, or my bloud turn'd to soul, which lights me up fresh Tapers, whose instructive beams direct me to the heart of my dear Dutchess, where Chastity I find hath built her Temple——Within there.

Enter Dutchess.

Attend. My Lord?

Duke. Here, take my Signet, deliver it to Lord Lodwick, command him bring the Dutchess, and wait upon her hither, with all the speed and diligence his duty can perform.

Att. I shall my Lord, and as I'm one of the honest men I am glad to hear it.

Enter Julia.

Duke. O noble Lady, how shall I look my Mistress's face, that blush at sight of thee? prithee stand by me, and embolden me, be my Genius, prompt me what I shall say, or the Scene's spoil'd; I shall be out, my tongue doth falter for joy conceiv'd of her great goodness, for grief of her much injury.

Jul. As in the fiction, Giants make war with Heaven, but are strook dead, so malice may strike at Vertue; but at last I see the blow will light where it began. Welcome my Royal Mistress, and I hope unto more comfort, then ever yet the Saxon Court afforded, it bears the likeliest face upon us now.

Enter the Dutchess.

Duke. Why do you kneel to me? the slanderer ought to ask pardon of the slandred, my own Law teaches it. Pray do you rise, or I will never think my self forgiven.

Duch. Nay now my Lord I fear you sent for me to mock me.

Duke. God and all good men, at my greatest need require me with a mock, if I mean any. O let me now expire, and be the happy messenger to sing this news to heaven, such and so great.

Ray. So happy Reconcilements make the Angels,
Tread the bright ring, and from the order'd spheres,
Strikes Heavenly Musick to all earthly ears:
Give me your Royal pardon, and remit me, the hand of death

A pleasant Comedy of

ies cold and vveighty on me, and what it be but must sinke under it? therefore go exercise your joyes, where grief may not be heard to expresse her self in tears, for sorrow still sings loud unto our ears. *Der.* O my Lord.

Ray. Dear Princes speak no more, I know your heart, but as you love my quier, leave me to it; for I do find an inclination to rest and sleep, and perhaps my last. *Duke.* Come then, lets

leave him, sickness is froward, and one while company is pleasing to it, another while offensive, *Raymond* farewe'l, heaven to his mercy take or restore thee. *Ray.* Good Duke I thank thee,

let me kiss thy hand, and yours best. *Duchess.* and Lady yours,—so now if you will be gone, you my, sickness knows no manners.

Duke. We'l trouble you no longer *Raymond.* *Ray.* Why I thank you, and all good lighten on you. But not stay—*Carolus.*

Caro. My Lord. *Ray.* Are they all forth the room? *Caro.* Yes my Lord. *Ray.* Active as fire I spring out of my grave then,

And will see some before me ere I dye. I
That are more fit for Earth and Heaven then I.

Fetch me some water, and a cup of wine, Ile drinke my own health, and my lust shall pledge it, do I bear earth about me? sure I donnot; for in this extasie, I have no feeling, no use of feet, but ride and racke i'the Air, like a black cloud, holding in his hand lightning, and in this a tempest, give me, and go, and understand the cause of *Julias* stay, it puts me into doubts, and she shoud' go away now with the Queen and cheat my hopes, I have made a sickmans plot of it, But *Julia* is Religious in her vows, knows what it is to swear, and what to break 'em, how now villian, why returned without her? *Caro.* Why she is gone

my Lord: *Ray.* Be thou gone too then, and after her, and fetch her, and bring her to me, or lay down thy duty, and let me never see it in a face, or an officious leg again presented, Zons are you scraping there when I forbid you. *Caro.* Alas my Lord:

Ray. My Lord, my Loggerhead, be gone. *Enter Julia.*

Caro. O Madam, you come like to the Halcion; and bring fair weather with you. *Ray.* Thou art my truth, and I wil study thee, no more shall misbelief enter my thoughts: for thy

Idea standing in my heart, as in a temple shall fright all false suggestions, to the Tartars. Give me instead of Lawrell, for my need

The merry Milk-Maids.

need, a sugred kiss, and crown my joyes. *Int.* Away you are
a villian, I came backe to tell you so: and long life, which is a
blessing to others, unto thee's a curse: thou shame of such a re-
verence, dost not see to what monster lust in thee is grown, at least
in mens imaginations. A man as old in shew as time himself
made up for counsell like another Nestor, at least in mens ima-
ginations, to be so monstrous Goatsuhly inclin'd.
O fie my Lord, I think with your self this ill,
Provokes not in the flesh, but in your will:
Your blood moves slow, and cold, and all the fire,
That strikes up any heat, is in desire:
I blush for you, think of it.

Ray. Yes Ile think of it, but
you shall give me time, and you and I will now go and confide of
it. *Int.* Keep off. *Ray.* Why you woult stab, I thinke
to the heart believe it. *Ray.* Why then a combat; look you,

I am provided too, will you yield now? *Int.* No. *Ray.* This
wud shew handsome on a Stage; an old man and a woman at
the point: believe it Ile stab too. *Int.* Thy worst; for I will
mine. *Ray.* This is scurvy wooing, *Int.* no more.

Int. Farwell then, and repent. *Ray.* Nay then you stir me,
yield, or I will force thee: and after pay thy perjury with death,
are you so mannish?

Enter Duke, Duchess, and all the rest spectators.

Duke. Desist vilde ravisher. *Ray.* Ma the Duke, then rage rise
high in me, and add unto this wickedness a worse.

Enter Bernard with his rapier drawn.

Ber. Villain, what wilt thou do, keep off: *Ray.* O I am lost:

Dor. A guard: *Duke.* Seize on the Traitor, O that those
hairs, which are the badge of truth and as I thought, the care of
her, shud shru'd such villains, so monstrously betraying and abusing
away with him to death: *Ray.* To death: *Duke.* Yes a cruel
and a lasting: *Dor.* I beseech your Grace: *Duke.* VVilt thou
beg for him whom he so hath wronged, and which is more, made
me the instrument?

Dor. Yes, good my Lord, his pardon.

Duke. Prithee sweet no more, ask any thing but that, let Law
be of no force then in my Land, if I forgive such Traitors. O
where is *Derilus*? that innocent and excellent good man: if he
be living, let him be brought to me that I may honour him, if
dead, lament, and wash him with my tears, sit on his Hearse, and

A pleasant Comedy of

ask forgiveness of his gentle spirit, lest it do haunt me being his
murderer. *Enter Guido.*

Guido. Justice, Justice, my Sovereign. *Duke.* What art
thou come for, Justice? *Guido.* One that under your autho-
rity performs it upon others. *Duke.* Perform it upon me, for I
am a murderer. *Guido.* My Lord. *Duke.* A murderer of my
friends, of vertuous men, vertue her self did very hardly scape me.

Der. Good my Lord. *Duke.* I must see *Dorilus* alive or
dead, to view how big the wound was that I gave him, for I will
have grief dig one in my breast, as deep as it is, and as mortal too.

Der. Why here is *Dorilus*. *Duke.* Prayers of Princes fall
on thee, dost thou live? tell me that my sword doth want an
edge. But when it strikes offenders, rise *Dorilus*: and thus unto
thy Mistress I present thee, as the best Jewel that I have to give
her, for a true Servant is of that esteem. *Der.* Sir, I thank
you, but I return him back, as fittest for your service.

Frr. Here's giving and taking as if they'd both be rid of him.
Duke. Why I thank thee, and I receive him gladly: now
where's he that wud have Justice? *Guido.* Here my Leige.

Duke. Against whom wudst thou have Justice? *Guido.* A-
gainst the President of Wittenburgh, who falling foul with the
learned *Landoff* tutor unto my son, is thought by most and of the
wisest of the University, to have by some trecherous plot made
them away, he or my son having been seen ere since.

Land. Why here is *Landoff* Sir, your poor friend in safety.

Guido. *Landoff*, where is my son? *Der.* Here Sir, with a
daughter to boot. *Guido.* Now Gods blessing a'thy heart,
if thou hast consen'd me thus.

Der. E'ne thus Sir, rise with
my blessing on you both. *Frr.* So they are own'd, no body
call upon me, nor regard me, nor to say truth, I regard no body:
the loss of my invisible ring has broke my heart, now when I
knew the vertue of it, to lose it, and to an idiot, an innocent, that
deserves not to understand the vertue of it, what dainty devices
might I have had in every Chamber of the Court, seen such a
Lord kiss such a Lady the wrong way, such a Knight, lie with his
Chambermaid, and his Lady with her Groom, the Usher with
the waiting Gentlewoman, and the Page with all. *Phobus* himself
must a come short of those things I shud a seen, for one invisible
Ring wud discover another.

Duke. How now, whats the
cause

the merry Milk-Maids.

cause of this? why kneel you all? *Dor.* For that which I joyn with them two, Lord *Raymonds* life, banish him the Court, and let him be confin'd to his house i'th Country.

Duke. Thou must not ask twice what I shall deny, rise, 'tis granted you; see you have good friends, and a gracious mistress.

Ray. I see't, and shame to see my self, how had the devil blinded me, I could not see your rare vertues? O let my penitence, which if it be not zealous, just heavens strike that breath into my throat again, which forms the words I utter, and let 'em strangle me: let my true penitence I say beget another vertue in you, besides mercy, credulity that I am truly sorry for the bo'd mischiefs against you and my Prince: a guilty conscience followed by despair, light on all Traitors to their Sovereign, Wants to the extremest sickness without succor, without all good mans pity and their prayers, fall on the slanderers of all your sex: diseases rot him living, dead no grave, but ravenous Fowles become his sepulcher, his bones kickt up and down by his enemies, and charitable men allow of it, Hell and the Devils, plying him with torments: baste his black soul, that he may roar so loud, as to the earth crying he heard may be, who slanders women; may be damned like me.

ACT 5. SCENE I.

Enter Ferdinand, and Cornelius.

Cor. Will there be such revels say you? *Fer.* Yes, but no words, for it must be kept private. *Cor.* Private, why there are gone out Proclamations, that whosoever can by device, or any quick conceits delight the Duchets, he shall have correspondent to his quality an Annual stipend, besides the favour of the Duke for ever. *Fer.* Such a thing was talkt of, for the Duke now dotes far more on the Duchets then at first; and whatsoever is done, is to delight her. *Cor.* 'Tis a better hearing then the old Jealousies. What's your Lord confin'd to his house i'th Country? *Fer.* Yes. *Cor.* And how find you your new Lord? *Fer.* Very noble, and so doth bear himself to every man, hark, yonders such a coil with the Musicians, the Masquers, and the Dancers, who now are practising. *Cor.* Is not the Poet amongst them? *Fer.* Yes

A pleasant Comedy of

Fer. Yes, and which is a miracle, a Masquer, the learn'd *Lan. doff*, who now although he be a professed Acamedian, has laid aside his graver waightier studies, to exereisc his skill not yet forgotten, being brought up a Page at Court, and practis'd much in that quality — hark! I must leave you, I have a charge committed to me. *Cor.* May I not under your protection, behold the sports?

Fer. I cannot tell, I will not promise you, for my Lord's very strickt, Ile do my best. *Cor.* Why, I thank you.

Enter Smirke.

Smirke. I do not know how it comes about that I shud be lost thus; villanous witchcraft will never be left, I am faine to give over my shop, but I had broke; howsoever my painting cloath was rotten, it could not hold together, but the best is, I shall live like a Gentleman, because I walke invisible, nay I am not only invisible to other men, but to my self: I went this morning to a looking-Glass, to be acquainted with this comely countenance, the Devil of countenance there was to be acquainted with; the Glass seem'd to me like a deep water, that I began to feel with my hands for fear I might a been drown'd: but finding my self above ground, and hunger tumbling like a Por, in in my Maw, and doing the somerset in my Guts, I smelt a Surloin of Beef hot from the Spit followed the train close, set in my foot, drew my knife, slic'd me off a Collop, clopt it upon a penny loafe, went me to a side Table, consum'd it without any body saying much good do you, or the Devil choak you: Set my lips to a Flagon of Beer, drunke twice with a breath, set it down again, took it up again, drunke it as dry as a bisket, so that I perceive I cannot starve and for cloathes, 'tis no matter how I go, no body sees me.

Enter Lord Le-lwicke.

Lod. Pray give 'em great charge at the outward doors they admit none but such as are Courtiers, the hall must no be pestred. where's *Ferdinand*? *Ferd.* Here my Lord. *Lod.* Pray have a care those lights be not offensive unto the Ladies, they hang suspiciousl, and let the hangings be remov'd. *Ferd.* They shall my Lord, where's *Pedro*? *Pedro.* Here Sir. *Fer.* Look to those lights I pray, my Lord is very angry, fearing they might do trespass, and those hangings must be removed. *Pedro.* They shall Sir, — where's any of the Grooms? *Groom.* Here Sir. *Pedro.* Pray look to these lights, and let the hangings be removed.

the merry Milk-Maids.

ved, the Gentleman-usher has commanded it. *Groom.* They shall sir, where's the fellow here shud look unto these lights, things are done so untowardly: *Smirk.* No body sees me, I come in like the air, when Lords and Ladies stand waiting for this officer and tother officer, country Gentleman their pates broke, and Citizens wives thrust up and down in every corner, their husbands kept out with flame and Torch, glad to fetch a nap i'th Cloysters.

Enter Ferdinand, Groomes with Terches.

Grooms. Bear back there, bear back, room for my Lord Lodwick. *Lod.* Here Madam you shall face the Duke and Duchess, 'tis the best place to see in all the Hall.

Lady. I thank your Honor. *Lod.* Have a little patience, the Revels will begin immediately. *Grooms.* Room for my Lord, bear back, swoons whither wud you? *Lod.* Well said, thou dost more good with thy oaths, then al they with their Trunchions. *Groomes.* The Duke is comming. Musick.

Envy and pleasure passe o're the stage. *Envy.* Sports are intending which I will have crost. Add clouds to night, that pleasure may be lost: *Plea.* Envy thou wound'st thy self in spight of thee, this I break forth out of obscurity. *Smirk.* This is the four winds driving of five Devils—This same Ring wud fain give me the slip, I must e'ne pocket him, for fear of the worst.

Groom. How now sirrah, what make you here?

Smirk. Why, do you see me? *Groom.* See you, yes marry do I: and get you gone quickly, or you shall feel—I see you, go, be gone this is no place for such as you. *Smirk.* Humh: am I become a wretch again, and mortal?

The Masquers preparing to dance. *Enter Smirk again.*

Smirk. I am got in again, and have found the trick of it, thanks my dear Jem; a man may have an invisible Ring, I see, and not know of it; I wonder'd that I grew palpable, now I perceive how the matter went: thanks my dear Jem, I say still, I will not lose this finger that I have my invisible Ring upon, for the best joynt at the Bars.

Is this all the devices, sports, and delights, the Duke shall have for his money? The Proclamation promised reward for him that could shew any varieties, and ist all come to a dull Masque? He shew his Grace some sport my self, with help of my invisible Ring,

A pleasant Comedy of

Ring, which now must off again. By your Majesties leave, and the rest of the Honorable— *Duke.* How now, what's he?

Smirk. What's he? Why he is the miracle of your Kingdom.

Duke. How, the Miracle! *Smirk.* I, and can do wonders—now you see me you know me. *Fre.* Yes Sir, I do know you. *Smir.* And you know not me, you know no body. But

keep off my Lord: *Doril.* Prithee keep off. *Smirk.* You see me you say? *Duke* I speak to thee. *Duke.* Yes Sir, I see you.

Smirk. And you all see me? *Lan.* We do all see you. *Smirk.* Very good, and I do see all you: but what's that

to the purpose? *Lan.* Very little to purpose indeed.

Smirk. Shall I demonstrate matter of Art, and have nothing for my paines? *Lan.* Yes marry shall you, does not the

Proclamation tell you shall? *Smirk.* Proclamations may say what they list, something in hand doth well.

Duke. Some body give him something. *Smirk.* I, but no body hears not on that Ear, yet because I —wonnor do Royalty wrong, in suspecting your bounty—you see me you say?

Duke. Yes we do see you. *Smirk.* You do. Who sees me now? *Duke.* Trust me not I, he is invisible to me.

Dor. And me. *Doril.* To all. *Smirk.* I should be sorry else; for, and my invisible Ring should not keep his old vertue, I wud hang my self directly. *Fre.* Prithee appear again. *Smirk.* I will have Majesty call me first.

Lan. Why the Duke does call you. *Smirk.* Let me hear him *viva voce*, *Smirk* is my name a well beloved subject, once a Painter, but now Esquire of the invisible Ring.

Duke. *Smirk*, and our welbeloved subject, once a Painter, but now Esquire of the invisible Ring, I conjure thee to appear again. *Smirk.* See here I am, what wudst thou mighty Monarch?

Duke. I do command thee let me see the Ring, by which thou walkst invisible. *Smirk.* I do command thee not to command me that, for from my invisible Ring I will not part.

Dor. Lay hands upon him for a forcerer. *Smirk.* Assist me my dear Ring, no hands upon me, for being invisible, I am a Prince, no hands isto be laid on me; treason doth never prosper.

Lan. He is gone again. *Smirk.* You follow me by scent, but never finde me by sight, Ile warrant you.

Enter

the merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Spirit, Landoff, whispering with him.

Lan. Seize it and flie. *Spir.* I am gone. *Smirk.* O, O, O.

Fre. How, who's that exclaimest? *Smirk.* The cramps in my finger. *Lan.* The Cramp.

Fre. O fir, now you are visible again. *Smirk.* My Ring is gone now, the devil go with it, for

a my conscience he fetcht it. *Lan.* I, I, and my middle finger, which served me for more use then all the rest. *Lan.* That's

strange. *Duke.* But what is become of the Ring?

Land. Pardon me Liege, that vertue that it held, came from my Art, and at some fitter time, I will acquaint you with the passages, how, and the cause for what it was intended: your gracious Dutcheſs knowes and felt the worth.

Duke. Thy knowledge in good arts is found *Landoff*, nor will we be inquisitive of more, then thou shalt think it fit to be reveal'd: for all thy Actions have bin juſt and loyal.

Lod. What meanes this Trumpet? *Lan.* Perhaps some new delights and rarer.

Enter Page.

Page. Thus was I bidden to my Sovereign,
Fall on my face, now riſe I up again,
To render to the Ladies fair ſalutes,
And give them all their worthy attributes,
Wonder not that I reſolutely come,
Boldly thus daring preſſ into this room,
For from a Lord and Knight of eminent note,
I bring this challenge; ſuch as can read may know't.

Fre. Very ſuccinct and peremptory.

Lan. For this day I am Maſter of the Revels.

Be it known unto all men that I, — of the Court, of *Saxony*,
traveller, by degree a Lord, and a profeſſed Champion for all
Ladies in the liſts of peace, do challenge all Courtiers whatſo-
ever, without exceptions, native or ſtrangers, to confer, court,
or complement, in ſilence with diſcorſive motion and true action
of the face, hand, body, and leg, and afterward with the volu-
bily of the tongue, to talk honeſt, faſteſt and lowd'ſt, for ſince I
ſtand not upon it, being ſeldom regarded by the party courted,
therefore indeed belongs not to the Courtier: alſo be it farther
known that my aſſiſtants, Agents, or ſeconds, doth challenge
likewiſe all Courtiers whatſoever, at the true compendious form

A pleasant Comedy of

of compiling Epistles, ~~and~~ Love-Letters, to Ladies or Mi-
stresses, either in Prose or Verse, with Proverbs, or without Pro-
verbs, with Sentences, or without Sentences, Figures, or any
other matter, to be performed Extempore, or not Extempore, ac-
cording as it shall please the Challenged, which is to say, the
Defender to determine, all which, that aforesaid, as well as this
now spoken of, shall be performed by the said Challengers in-
stantly; who onely staying to hear of any Opponents, are both
ready to enter. *Lead.* Here is unexpected Sport.

Fre. Let 'em enter, they shall be answer'd; *Smirk*, thou shalt
be my Second.

Smirk. Shall I, that's some comfort yet, to
put the loss of the Ring out of my thought, shall I answer the
Epistoler?

Fre. I, marry shalt thou.

Smirk. Ile Pistle and Peistle him, Ile warrant him, he was
ne're so pounded in his life, Ile scorn to begin after my hearty
commendations with him.

Lead. Hark, they approach.

Enter Callow, and Ranoff.

Cal. Which is my Anragonist? *Fre.* I am he.

Ran. And who is mine?

Smirk. Behold the man, with Pen and Ink provided.

Ran. Poor fool, thou wilt but make thy self derided.

Smirk. So nimble in time, Ile first break your head in Prose,
and afterward whip you in Verse, Ile lambaste you in compleats.

Jul. Nay I will not lose the honor of being the courted Lady.

Cal. When my talking time comes I will thank you Lady in
language. Mark how my challenge goes, 'twas not to talk sence
onely, but honest, fastest, lowdest, and you our talk me that
way, Ile give you my tongue and every tooth I have to make
trotters on, for I was born and bred and nurs'd a talker, and of
my quality, this Lady has had some small experience, for I did
promise her to prove a talker, and for her sake do now profess,
and practic't, and 'tis in vain for any creature to contend with
me, I have put down the Lawyers of all Nations, and all wo-
men, Gossips at Christmings, after they have drunk wine the Mid-
wife being there, words flow out of my mouth like water from
the Clouds, to make a deluge, to drown all voyces but my own,
which drums nor trumpets, nor a Sea fight can do.

Fre.

the merry Milk-Maids.

Fre. But a thump of the gurs will. *Cal.* O

Fre. 'Tis excellent; sweet Lady to hear words,
Though they want matter, for silence does betray
A bashfulness in man, unmeet for Courtiers,
For he that has a bold tongue and a free,
Can never want th' affection of Ladies,
Nor is it fit he shud, for he can keep them,
Walking at midnight with a tedious tale,
And longer 'tis the better, because sleep
Being accounted, as some use to call it,
Deaths image, other some his elder brother,
By how much we do use it, by so much less,
We live in this world and loose time and pleasure
Which both to rich and poor is the chief treasure,
Why donnot you talk now?

Cal. Talk? If I have breath enough to live, I care not.

Jul. Nay, and you give out, you have lost the day.

Cal. I had not fair play shew'n me.

Fre. Strategems are to be allowed, against all adversaries,
He have Judgement on't.

All. I, I, lawful, lawful.

Cal. Lawful let it be then, but if ever I challenge a man of
his hands, to a tryal of skill with the tongue again, He forswear
talking all days of my life, and that I wud be loth to doe. If I
donnot feel the very breath that shud have been spent in words
upwards, to twattle downward, I am a vaillain.

Smirk. I believe I smell the meaning, stand farther off, and
give room to me and the Epistoler, you challenge all men to com-
pose? *Ran.* I do.

Smirk. With figures or without figures, with sentence or with-
out sentences. *Ran.* 'Tis right.

Smirk. Draw out your Pen and Inkhorn, I am for you.

Lan. Give 'em room, and set a Table forth.

Ran. With expedition too, I put in that.

Smirk. No, expedition belongs to Clerks, and not to Secreta-
ries, celerity if you will.

Ran. I fir, Celerity, I mean so.

Smirk. No more but so, a words enough.

A pleasant Comedy of

Fre. But what's the subject?

Smi. Why each of us is to indite an Epistle to our Mistress, is it not so?

Ran. Right.

Smi. Then write.

Dor. This will be good mirth I hope.

Lan. Ridiculous enough.

Fre. So it shud be, and yet my little *Smirke* here has conceit, he'll have some flashes.

Dor. A couple of pretty scribes.

Ber. The challenger has the advantage, he might premeditate.

Fre. No matter, *Smirke* best at a start, his wit is like your Hackney, all a gallop, to which he saies, *Utere diligentia, nec sis tantus cessator & caloribus indigeas*, which is clawing to Pole, as for example in your Challenger.

Doril. He has rub'd it out it scemes.

Fre. *Smirke* goes on smoothly, without any rub.

Lan. Yet there he had one.

Fre. Hold bias, and a sentence then.

Ran. Scripsi. *Smi.* Et scripsi.

Lan. Very good, now lottings lend your ears,

Ran. I will read it first my self.

Lan. And good reason,

Ran. Fairest in the world, and sweetest upon earth.

I Fre. So *Ran.* I remember my duty to you in black and white.

Smi. I wud it had been black and blew. *Lan.* Peace.

Ran. For all colours else wave under the standard of your beauty.

Smi. I wonder what part of her, is Goose-turd green, that's a colour.

Ran. You are the Mistress of beauty.

Smi. I wud a said the Queen or Empress.

Ran. And all other women are but your hand-maids.

Smi. O abominable barren.

Lan. Nay *Smirke* silnce, you must not interrupt your adversary.

Ran. I can say nothing without saying too much, nor say too much without saying nothing.

Smi. I can say nothing, or else I wud say something, but here it is shall shame thee.

Ran. Me

the merry Milk-Maids.

Ran. Me thinks when thou standst'd in the sun with thy Feather on thy head, and thy Fanne in thy hand, thou look'st like the Phoenix of the East Indies, burning in spices, for Cloves, Mace, and Nutmegs are in thy breath.

Smir. She wud make an excellent Waffell-Bole. *Lan.* Again.

Smir. I have done. *Ran.* The Apples of thy brest are like the Lemans of *Arabia*, which makes the vessel so sweet, it can never smell of the Caske.

Fre. If she shud, that might prove the Brewers fault. *Ran.* Being come to your middle I must draw to an end, for my end is at the middle, because of the Proverb. *In Medio consistet virtus*, and so I conclude: yours while mine own, and afterward if it were possible *Marmaduke Ranoff*.

Smirk. Well now let me run on, Judgement I crave.

Fre. Which thou shalt have.

Smirk. Illustrious, bright shining, well spoken, and blood stirring Lady.

Lan. I marry Sir.

Smirk. If the Rope of my Capacity, could reach to the Belfry of your Beauty, these words of mine like silver Bels, might be worthy to hang in the ears of your favor, but the Ladder of my inventions is so low to climb up to the Steeple of your understanding.

All. Excellent *Smirke*.

Smirk. If it were not, I should ring out my mind to you in a sweet Peal of most savory conceits, for your face it is like the Sun, no man is able to indure it.

All. That's very good.

Smirk. Your forehead which I will neither compare unto A-lablaster, nor to the Lilly, but it is as it is, and so are both your eyes, for your Nose, it is a well arched Bridge, which for brevities sake I pass over: your Cheeks are like a good Comedy, worthy to be clapt: your Lips, and your Teeth are incomparable; your Tongue like the instrument of *Orpheus*, able to tame the furies: to handle every part of you were too much, but some particular part, no man can sufficient.

Fre. Prithee let me give thee a box on the ear, for that conceit.

Smirk. No my good Lord, pray keep your beanties. From top to toe you are a sweet vessell of delight. I dare not say a Barrell, for oftentimes with much joulting, the Brewer beats out the Bung-hole, and so the good liquor runs out, but you contain yours although not hoopt about with the old fashion'd farthingall

A pleasant Comedey of

thingall, after the new fashion ty'd up with points, to untruss
at your pleasure, in which pleasure I leave you, fairest of a hun-
dred, and wittiest of a thousand: resting in little rest, till I rest
wholly yours, in the Down bed of affection, where ever stand-
to my utmost, I rest all in all yours.

Fre. Could any man say more?

Ran. Your censures hereafter Gentlemen,; now Sir I chal-
lenge you in verse, in praise of tall women, and little women,
and chuse your subject, which you refuse Ile take.

Sm. r. Why then Ile take your little women.

Ran. And I your lusty——proceed.

Lan. I, here will be some sport now.

Dor. The Duke calls to see the Epistles.

Fre. And they are worth his perusall.

Lan. We must have Patience, for this verse wonnot come off
so roundly as your Prose.

Ber. Best have a song to entertain the time.

Lan. 'Twere not amiss, Musicke——*A song.*

Ranoff. Scripps. *Smirk.* Sed non feci, Stay a little, here's a
couple of lines, a halter on 'em, they wonnot twist handsomely,
go forward I have ended.

Lan. Attention.

Ran. Listen you tall and likewise you low man,
I sing the praises of a bouncing woman.

A full well set bigge bow'd and fair joynted,

Fit to bid welcome men that are best appointed.

Lan. Excellent.

Ran. To your tall woman your little one is nothing,

No more then is a high thing to a low thing.

All. That's true.

Ran. For your small Dandiprat, I hope there's no man,

That thinks her but a bobby-horse to woman.

A thing to be forgot and never known,

But on a Holyday to the Court shew.

In wars the Bastardo is prefer'd,

Before the Musket, and is louder heard.

Lan. There's an error little and loud my friend, but pass it.

Ran. In every triumph where there is excess,

The greater adwaies putteth down the lesse.

The Lionesse is more admired at,

Then her Epitome, which is a Cat.

Lan. The fool growes serious.

Fre. He has stoln it certainly.

Lan No faith, it may be his own, for I think his brain is a little craz'd, and mad men shout forth strange things.

Ran. But to weak understandings now I come,

Is your small Taber musicke to your Drum?

Smirk. Hum Drum, he has lighten'd within an Inch of a conceit of mine.

Ran. Or in instrument of peace, can there that trial

Be made upon a Kit as a base Viol.

Judge you my Masters, that on both have plaid,

It is but my opinion, and I said.

Fre. Believe it he has said well, Smirke look to your self.

Smir. I warrant you. Give me audience. All. Silence.

Smir. In praise of little Women I begin,

And will maintain what I have enter'd in.

Is not your Parochit or Marmoset,

In more request then your Baboon or Parrot.

Give but your little wench freely her liquour,

And to bed send her you will find her quicker;

Pearter, nimbler, both to kiss and cogge,

Then your great wench that'll lie like a logge.

And be that all day at the Drum doth labor,

Wad at night gladly play upon a Taber.

I hope there's no man, but of this belief,

That Veal's more sweet and nourishing then Beef.

Small meats is still prefer'd, for aske your glutton,

Heel alwayes say, Lamb's sweeter then your Mutton.

Your Smelt then Whiting firmer is and sounder,

Nor must your Place compare with your neat Flounder.

Fre. Well said, now thou art in good victuals thou't never out

Smir. In fish or flesh Ile prove it to each wight,

A Larkes leg, then the body of a Kite

Is better far: our Bakers alwaies make

A pleasant Comedy of, &c.

*The finest flour in the lesser Cake;
And Ile be judge by those that Root's do eat,
That your small Turnep's better then your great.*

Land. I am of thy mind too,

Smir. Who list to be resolv'd, let 'em both try,

In that belief I live, in that Ile die.

Fro. Incomparable Smirke, thou hast my voice : judgement.

All. A Smirke, a Smirke.

Coronets.

Lan. Loth to grow tedious, yet once more we would try.

To give content out of variety.

Musicks.

With one dance more this night sports weel end,

Your pardon if with too much zeal we offend.

Duke. Landoff we thank thee, and wish if any be,

All that are here, be pleas'd as well as we.

FINIS.

*If any Gentleman be pleased to repair
to our shops aforesaid, they may be furnish-
ed with all the Plays that was ever yet
Printed.*

